

POLICE

COMICS

A QUALITY
COMIC
PUBLICATION



AUGUST No.101

10¢

WHAT WOULD
YOU

DO IF YOU SAW
A CENTURY-OLD
COVERED WAGON RACE
THROUGH THE
AUTO-CONGESTED
CITY STREETS?



READ THIS
AMAZING ADVENTURE
OF
PLASTIC MAN
AND THE STRANGEST
MISTAKE EVER
RECORDED IN
TIME!



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UNIVERSE.COM



Better schools make better communities



MISS MACY,
PLEASE, I CAN'T
HEAR YOU AND
I CAN'T SEE
YOU.



WELL, SON,
HOW DID
THINGS GO
IN SCHOOL
TODAY?

TOO BAD I CAN'T
HEAR OR SEE THE
TEACHER. I COULD
LIKE SCHOOL IF
THEY'D ONLY GIVE
ME A CHANCE.



WHAT ARE WE
GOING TO DO, DAD?
ALL THE CHILDREN
SAY THE SCHOOL
IS CROWDED. THEY
GO ONLY HALF A
DAY.

IF ALL OUR NEIGHBORS WORK TOGETHER,
WE CAN GET MORE AND BETTER SCHOOLS.
CHILDREN NEED GOOD SCHOOLS. EVERY
COMMUNITY NEEDS PEOPLE WHO
HAVE LEARNED HOW TO WORK
AND BE HAPPY BY GOING TO
SCHOOL.

NO MATTER WHAT YOUR
CHILDREN GROW UP TO BE,
YOU NEED A GOOD
SCHOOL.



WHEN YOU GROW UP AND
VOTE, YOU WILL NEED
AN EDUCATION.



JERRY
FASANO-



TELL YOUR MOTHER AND
FATHER THEY CAN LEARN
HOW OTHERS WON BETTER
SCHOOLS BY WRITING TO -
"NATIONAL CITIZENS COMMISSION
FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS
2 WEST 45TH STREET
NEW YORK 19 NEW YORK"



PLASTIC MAN



IT WAS UNLIKE ANY SANDSTORM JEB MCCRACKEN AND HIS FAMILY EVER HAD SEEN! HOUR AFTER HOUR IT BLEW...



CONSARN IT! I SWALLERED ENOUGH SAND TO SHORE UP A BEACH!

WE LOST SIGHT OF THE OTHER COVERED WAGONS LONG AGO!



NEVER SAW THE LIKE OF IT! EVERY TIME I LOOK OUT THE LAND AROUND US SEEMS TO BE CHANGING!

FUNNY! BUT I FELT JEST THE SAME WAY!



SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE THIS AIN'T NO ORDINARY STORM AT ALL! IT'S LIKE WE WERE TRAVELIN' THROUGH A DIFFERENT WORLD ENTIRELY!

BRR! IT GIVES ME THE SHIVERS!



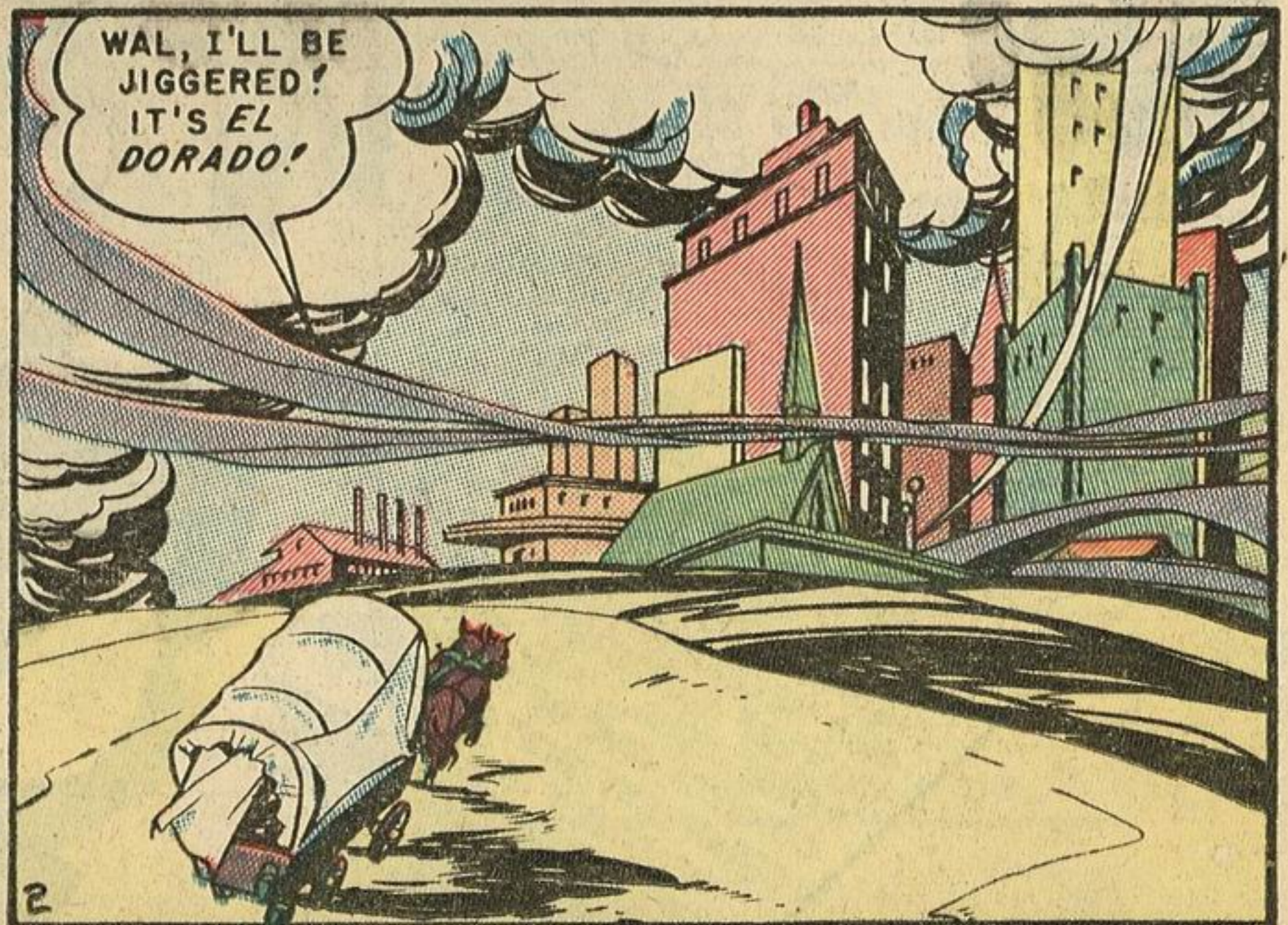
SOMETIMES I WONDER IF WE'LL EVER REACH EL DORADO! MAYBE THERE REALLY ISN'T SUCH A PLACE!

SURE THERE IS! I'VE HEARD STORIES FROM PEOPLE WHO'VE BEEN THERE! THEY SAY THE STREETS ARE PAVED WITH GOLD!

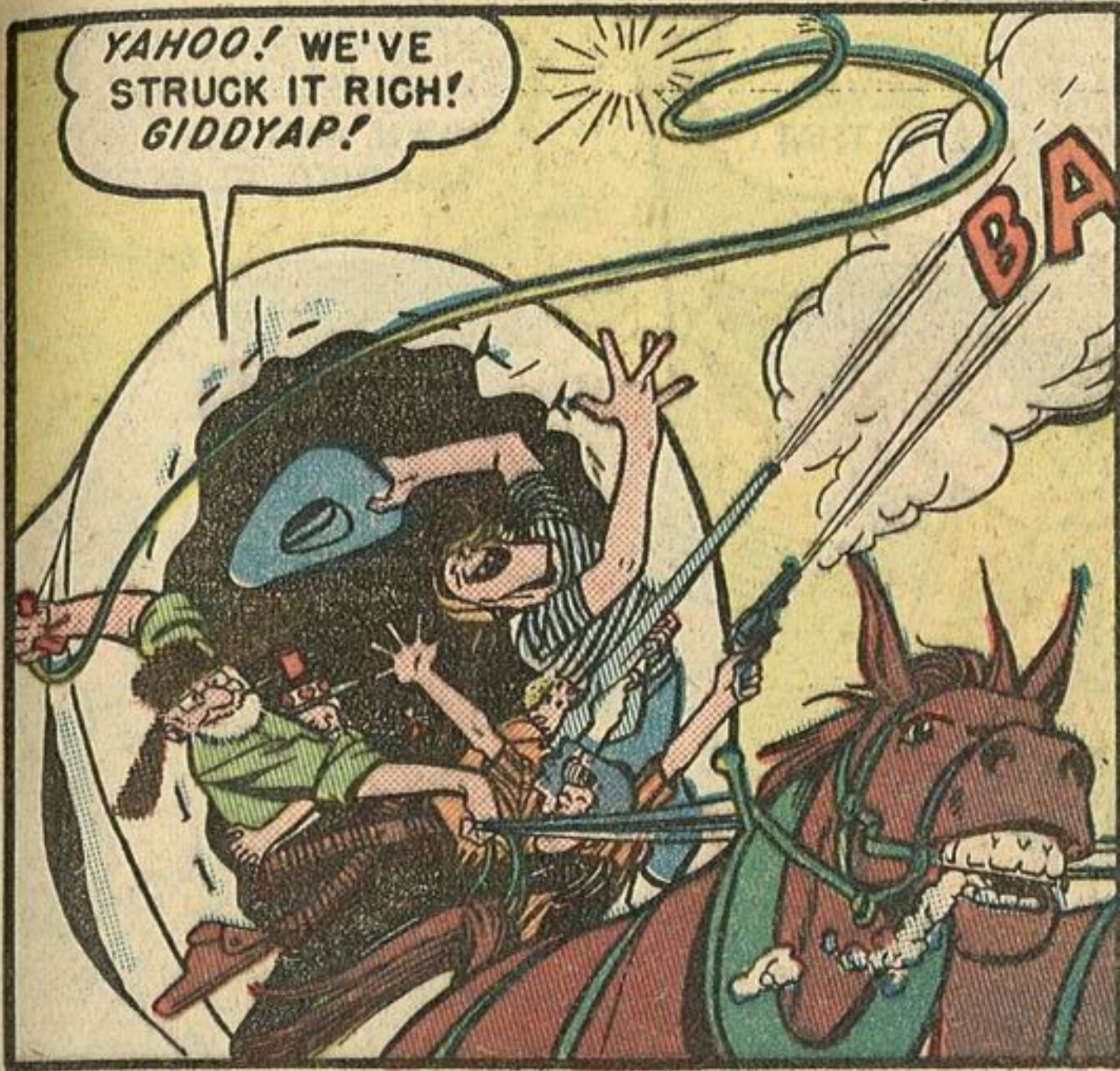


SAY! THE STORM IS STOPPING!

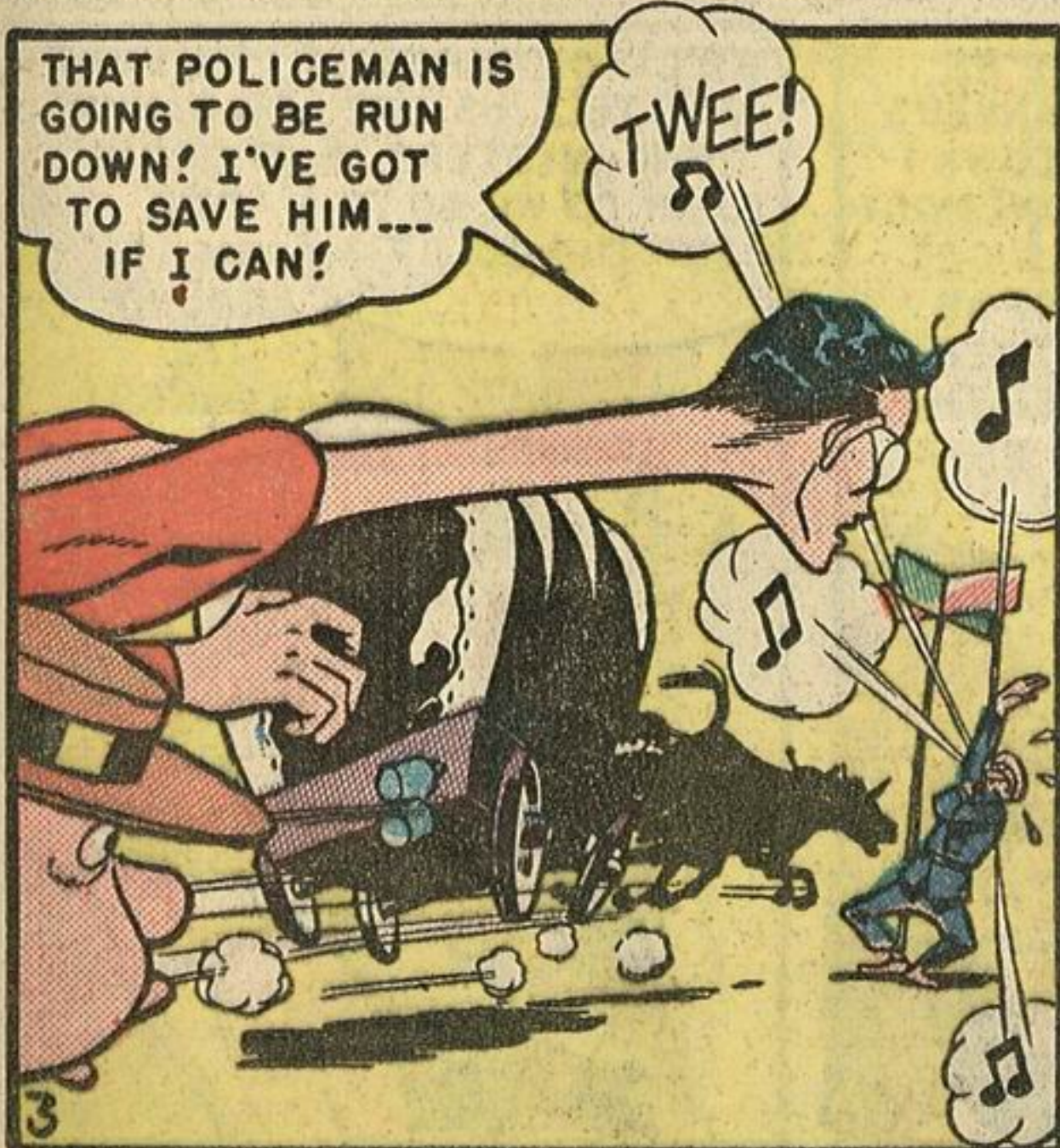
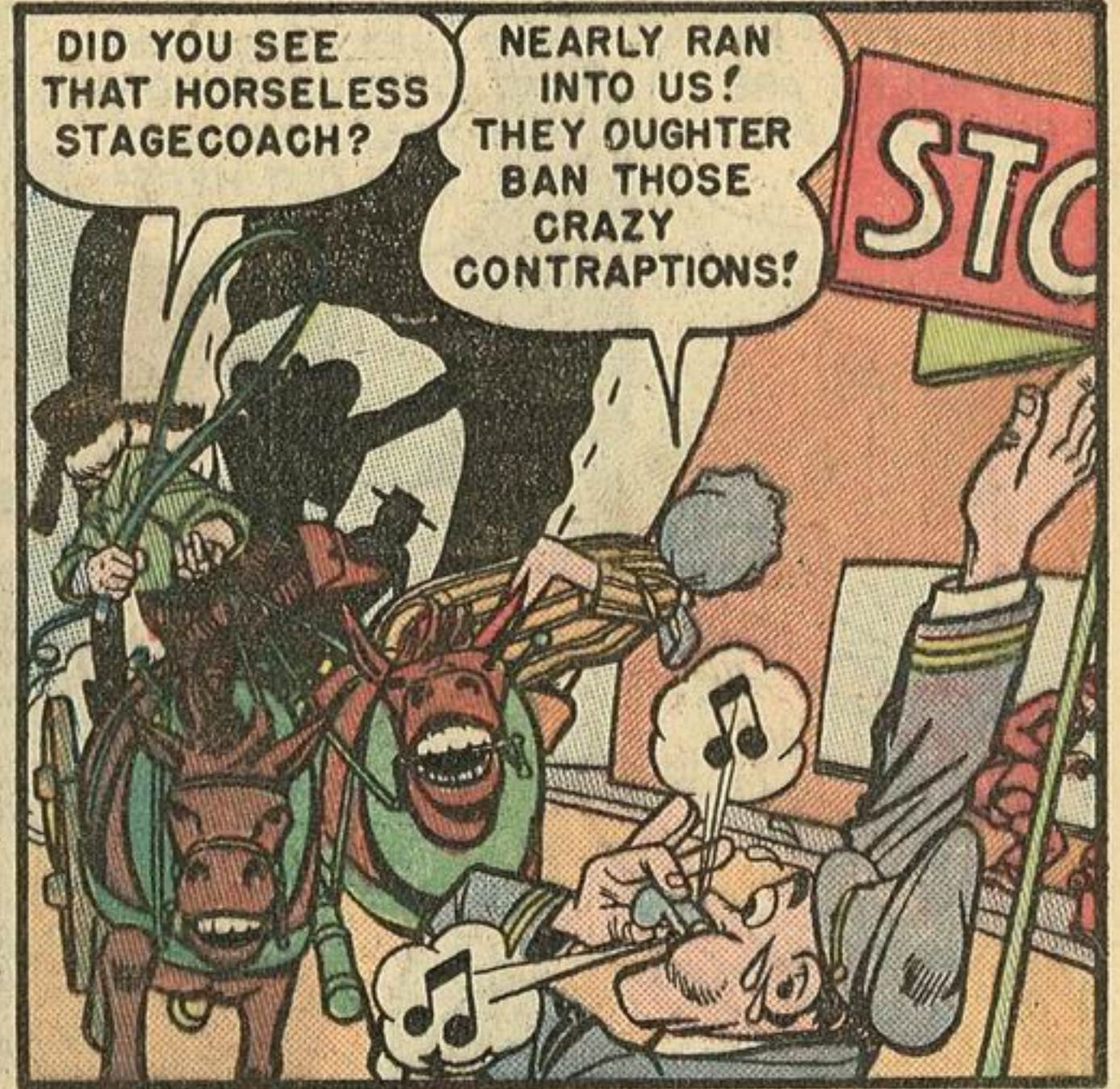
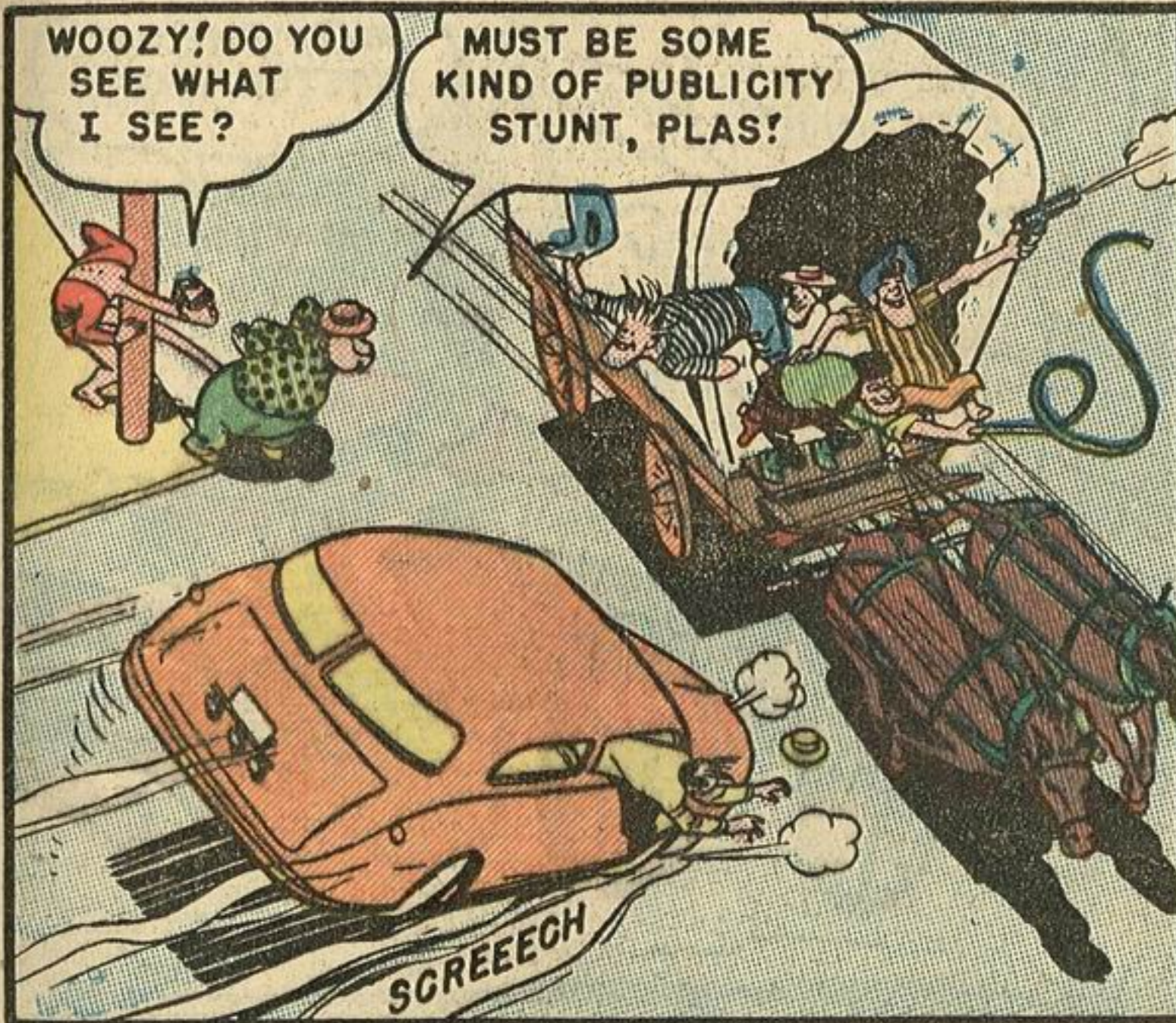
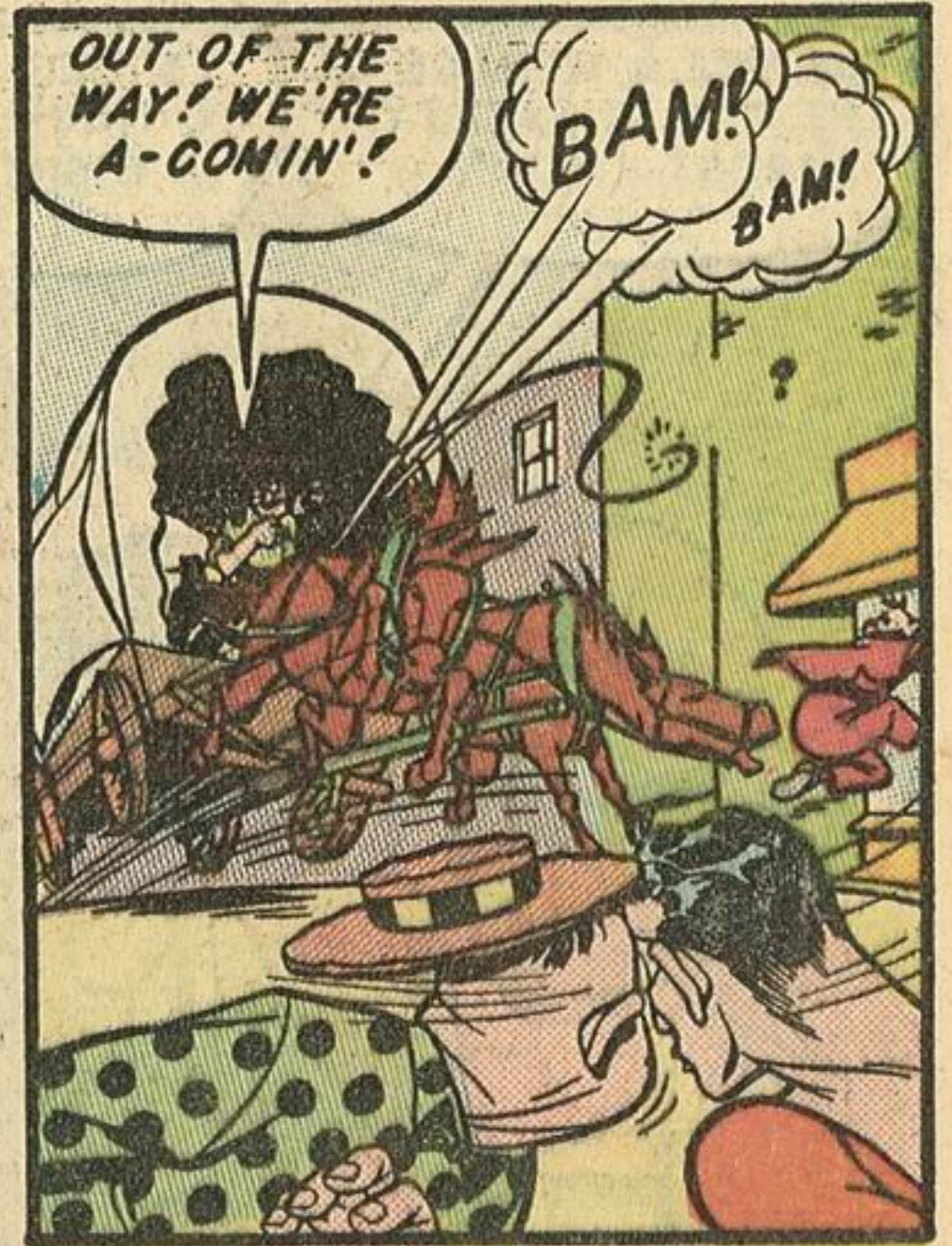
LOOK!



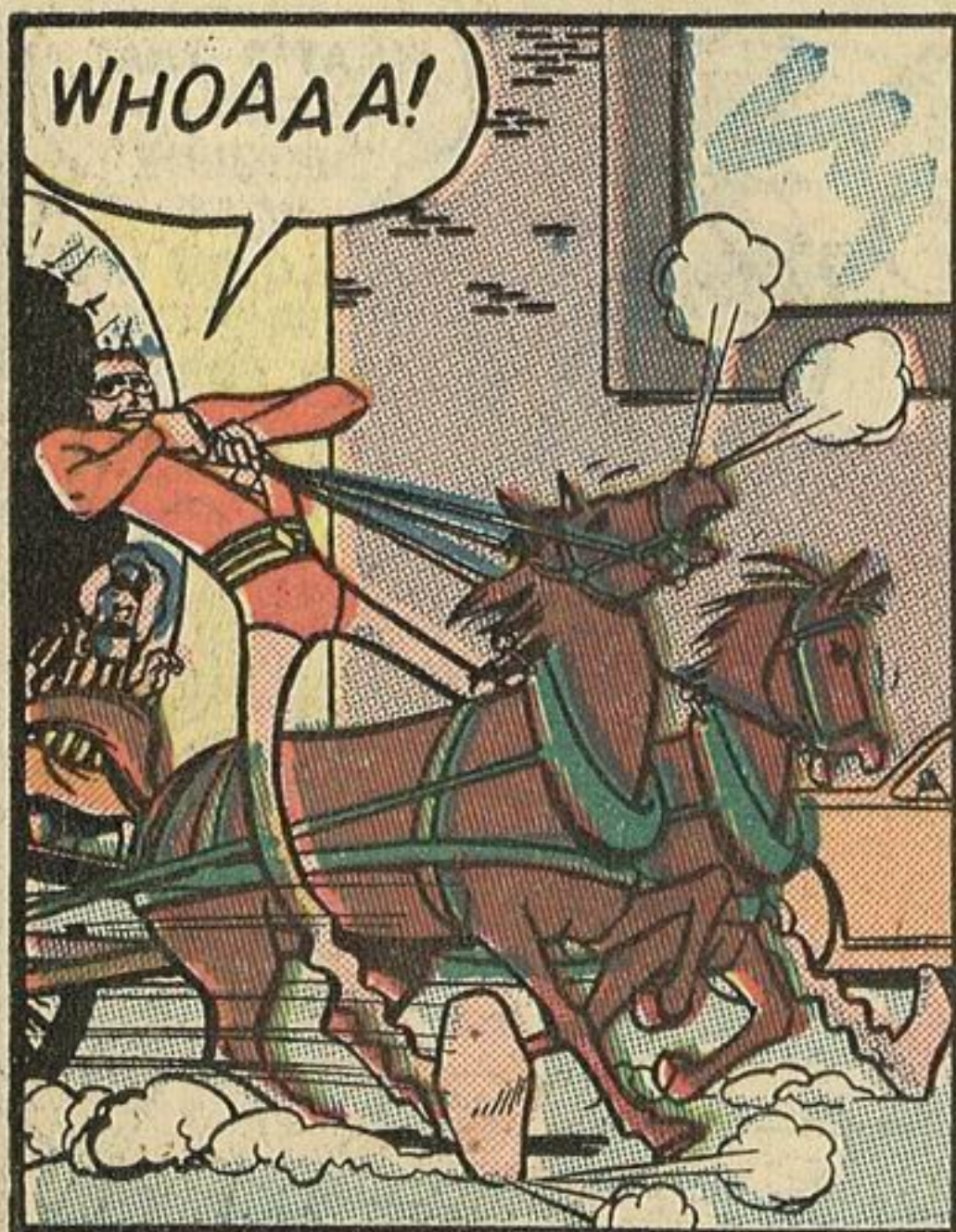
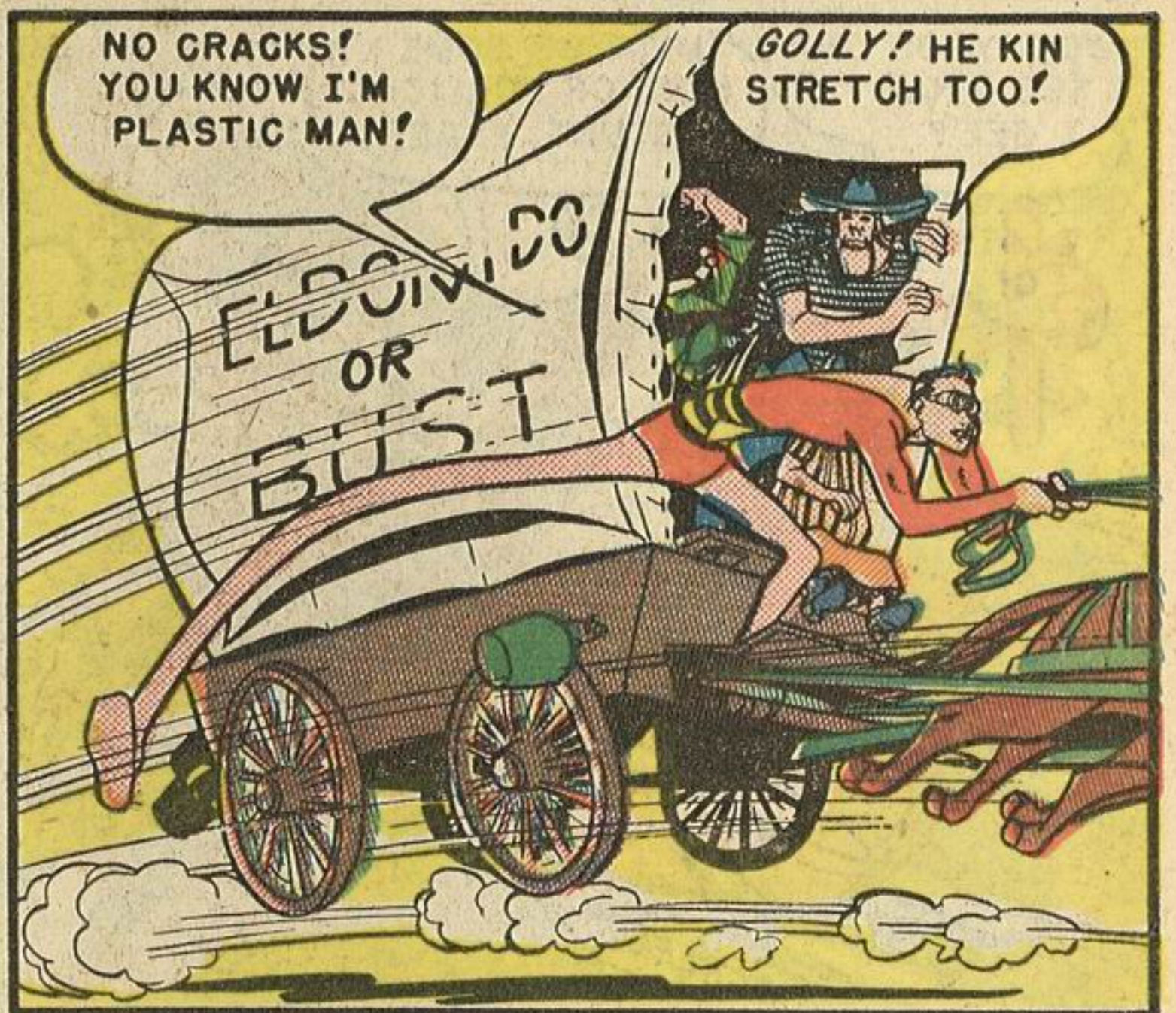
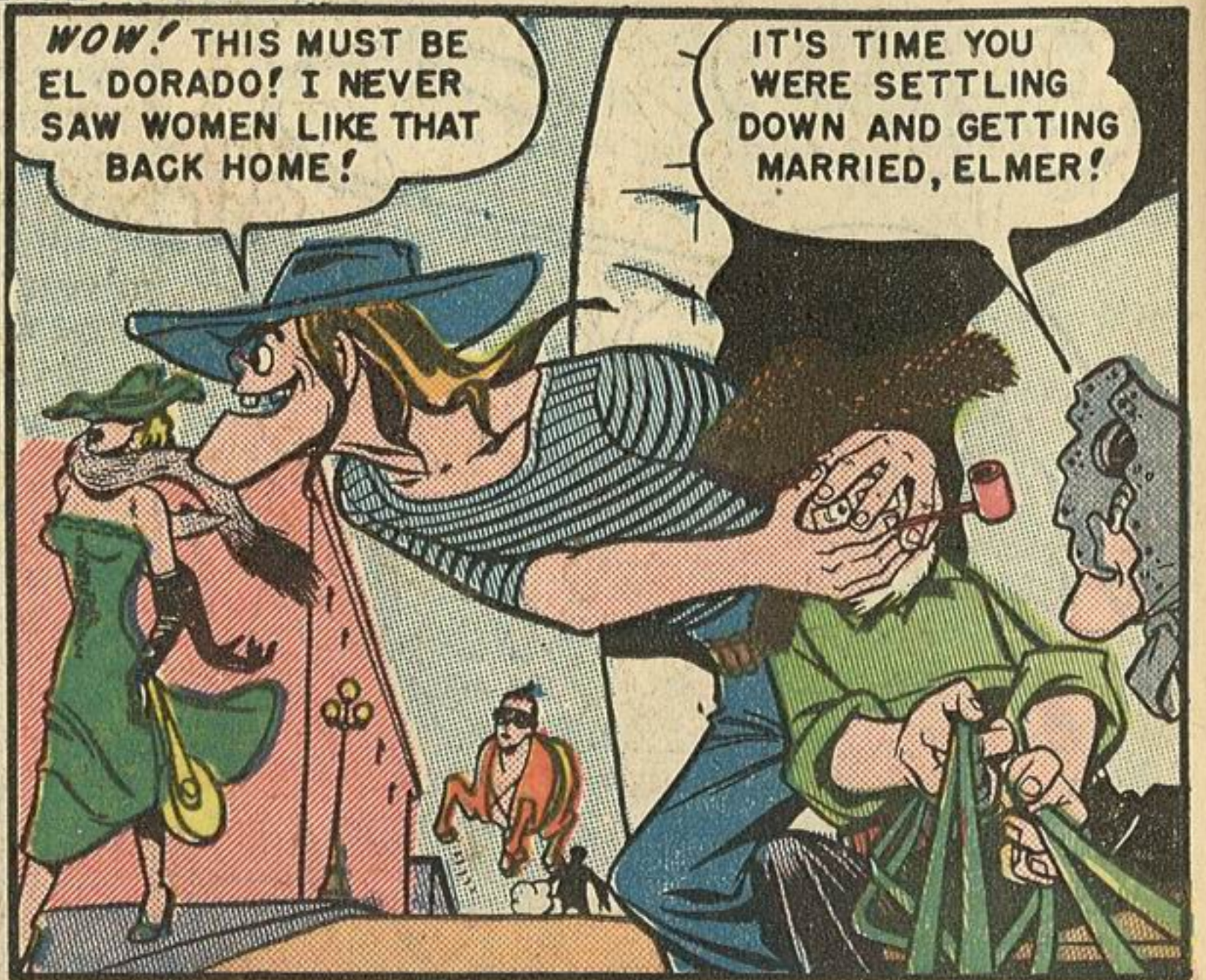
WAL, I'LL BE JIGGERED! IT'S EL DORADO!



BUT, OWING TO A CURIOUS SHIFT IN THE TIME-CONTINUUM, THIS IS NOT THE FABLED EL DORADO THAT JEB MCCRACKEN IS SEEKING! IT IS A GREAT MID-WESTERN METROPOLIS ---AND THE YEAR IS 1950! THAT STRANGE QUIRK IN THE TIME CONTINUUM COST JEB MCCRACKEN EXACTLY A CENTURY---



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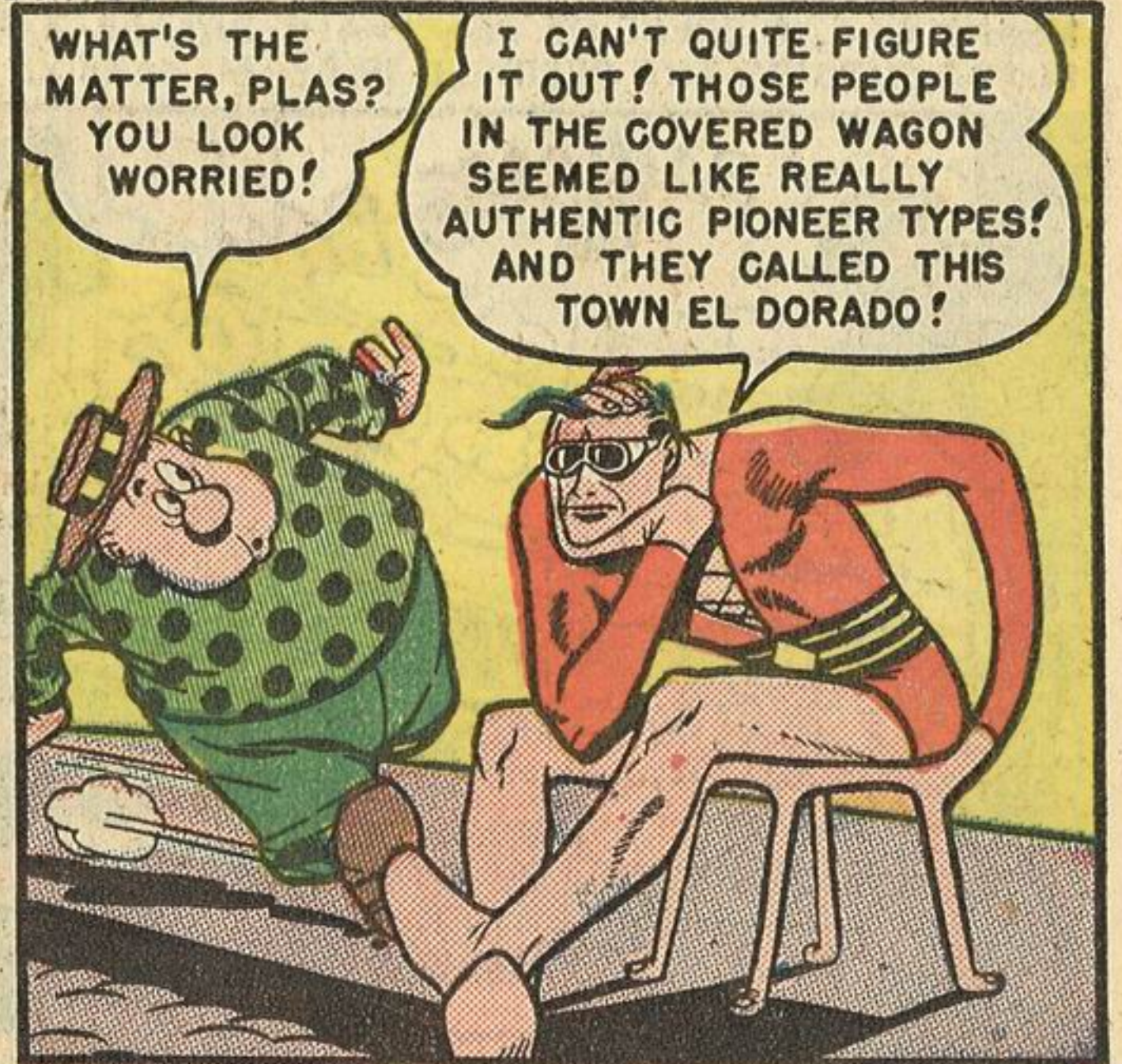


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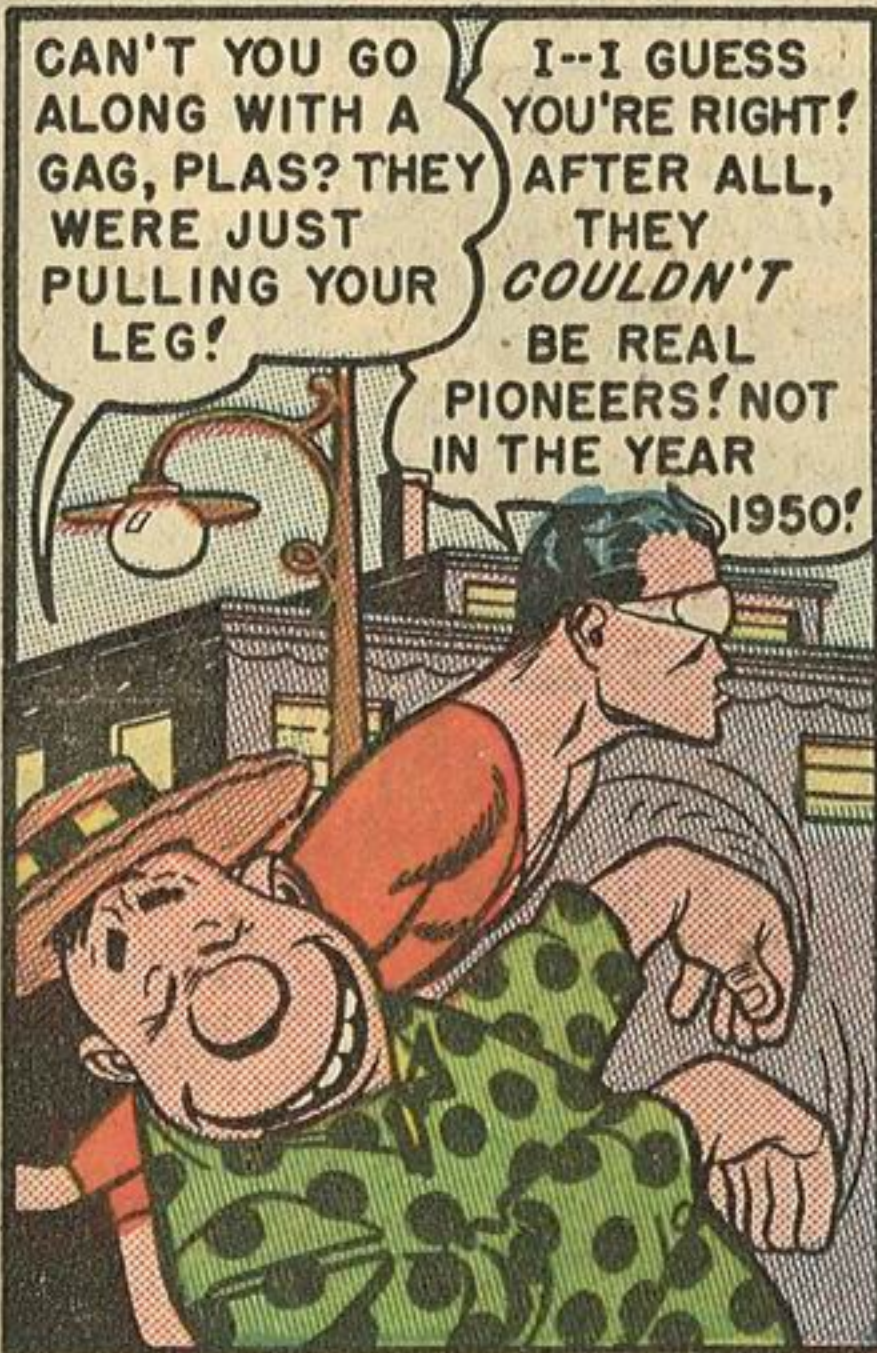
IT'S JUST LIKE WE HEARD! THAR'S PLENTY OF GOLD LYING AROUND FOR EVERYONE!

HURRAY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, PLAS? YOU LOOK WORRIED!

I CAN'T QUITE FIGURE IT OUT! THOSE PEOPLE IN THE COVERED WAGON SEEMED LIKE REALLY AUTHENTIC PIONEER TYPES! AND THEY CALLED THIS TOWN EL DORADO!



CAN'T YOU GO ALONG WITH A GAG, PLAS? THEY WERE JUST PULLING YOUR LEG!

I--I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT! AFTER ALL, THEY COULDN'T BE REAL PIONEERS! NOT IN THE YEAR 1950!



BUT WHEN PLASTIC MAN REACHES FBI HEADQUARTERS...

HOLD THE WIRE! I'LL SEND MY BEST OPERATIVE DOWN THERE RIGHT AWAY!

WHAT'S UP, CHIEF?



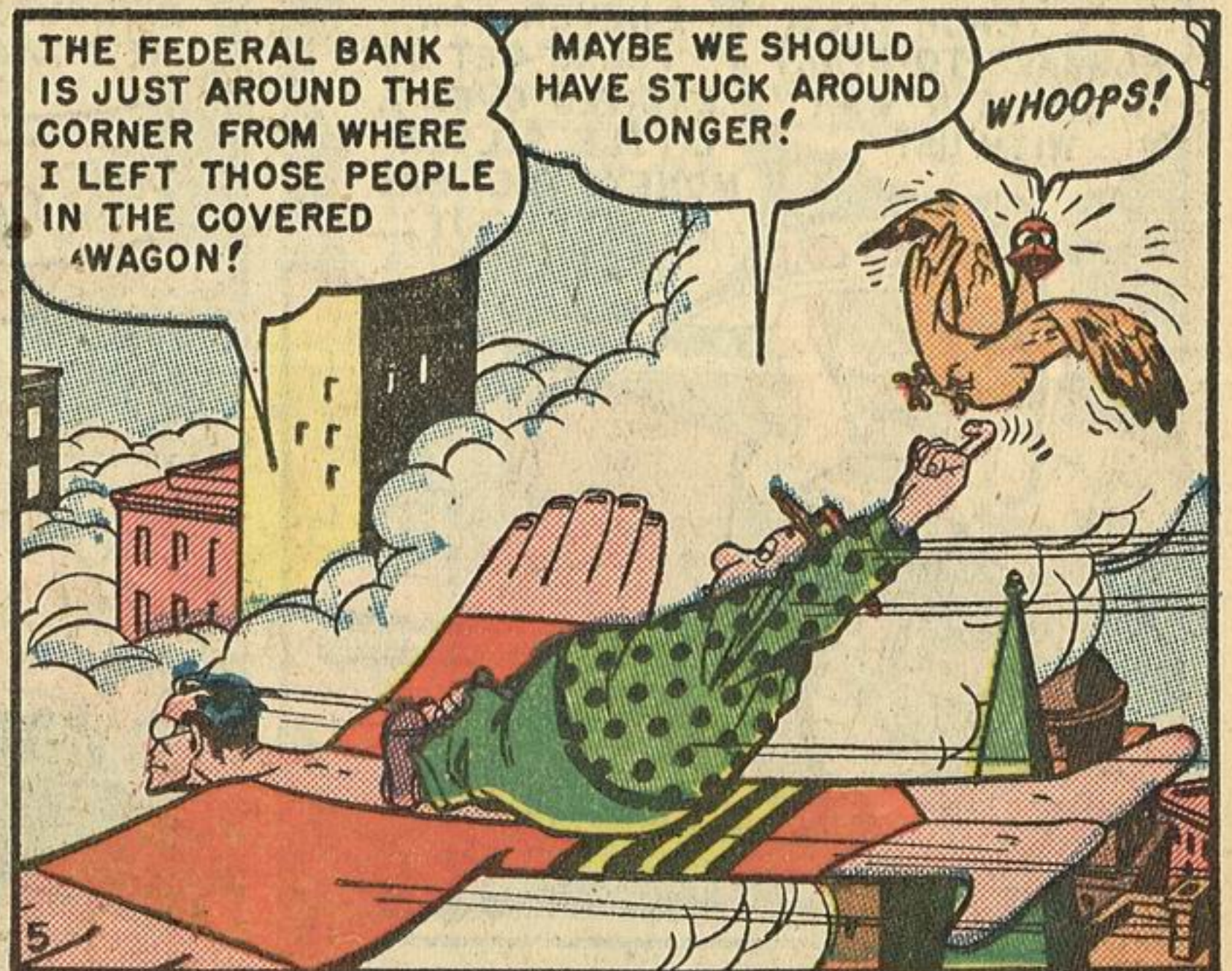
SOME BLANKETY-BLANK IDIOTS TRIED TO ROB THE FEDERAL BANK AT COWAN AND THOMAS STREET! THERE'S A GUN BATTLE GOING ON RIGHT NOW!

THEN THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!



I'LL GLIDE OVER THERE RIGHT AWAY!

I'M COMING TOO!



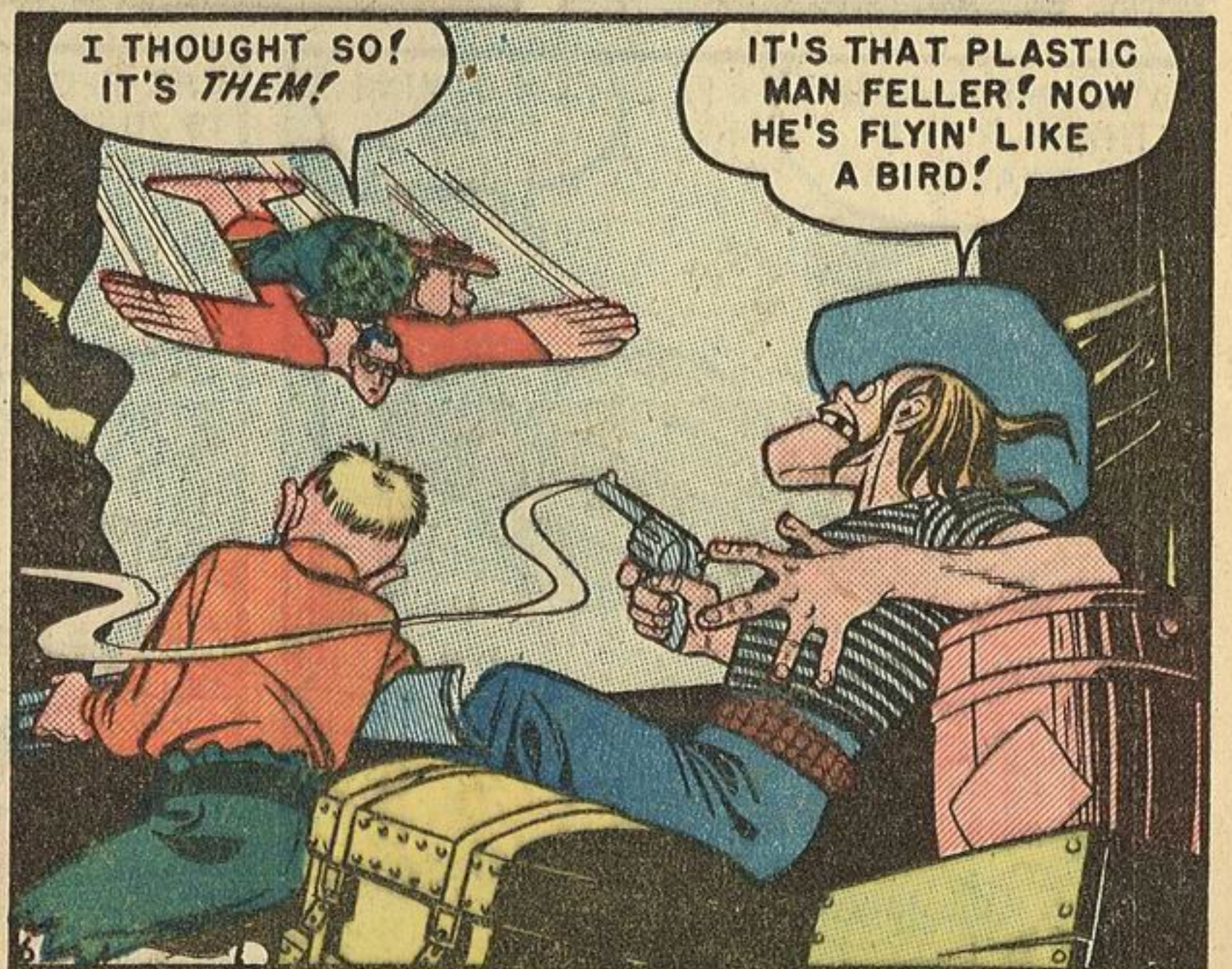
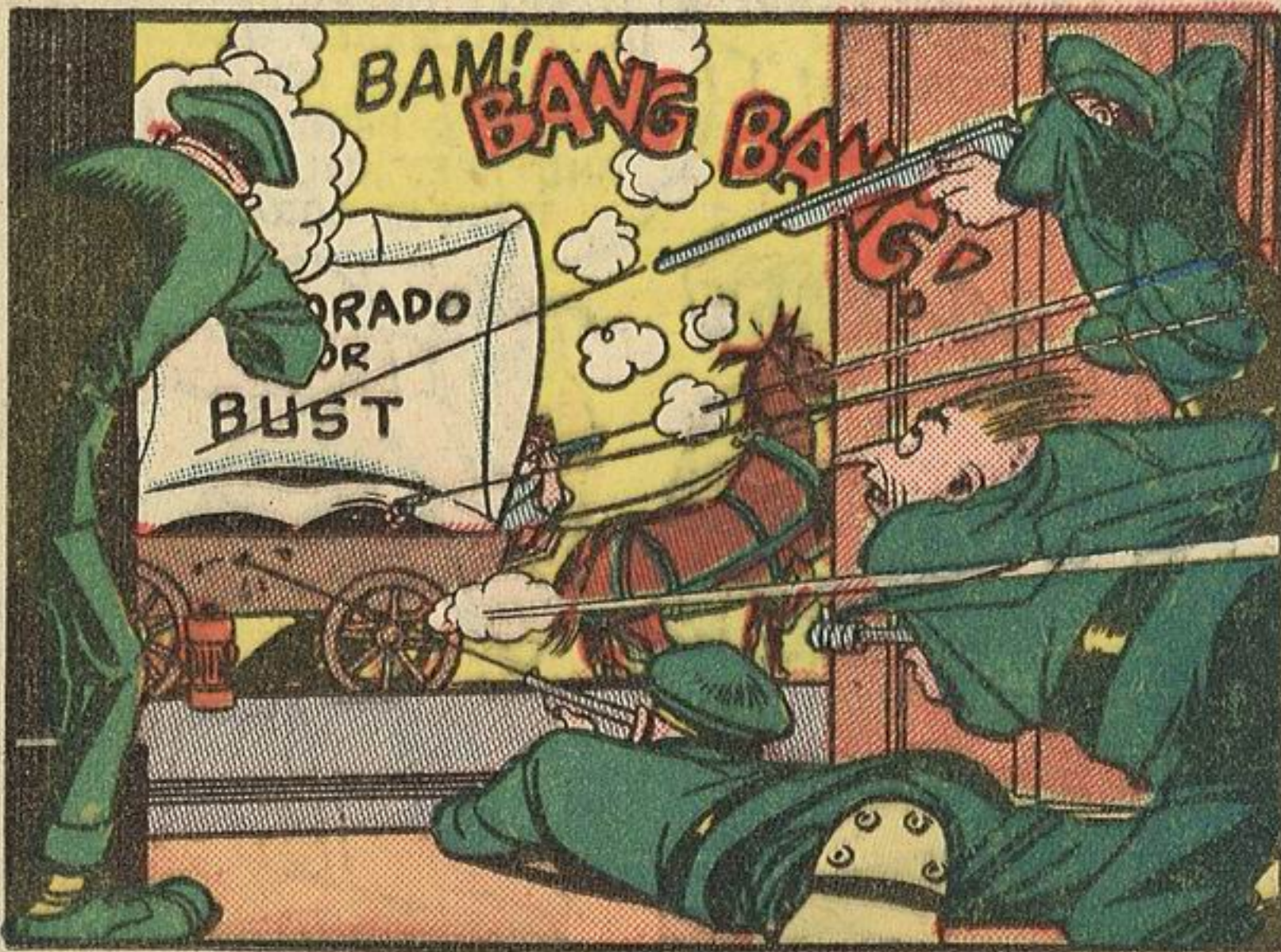
THE FEDERAL BANK IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER FROM WHERE I LEFT THOSE PEOPLE IN THE COVERED WAGON!

MAYBE WE SHOULD HAVE STUCK AROUND LONGER!

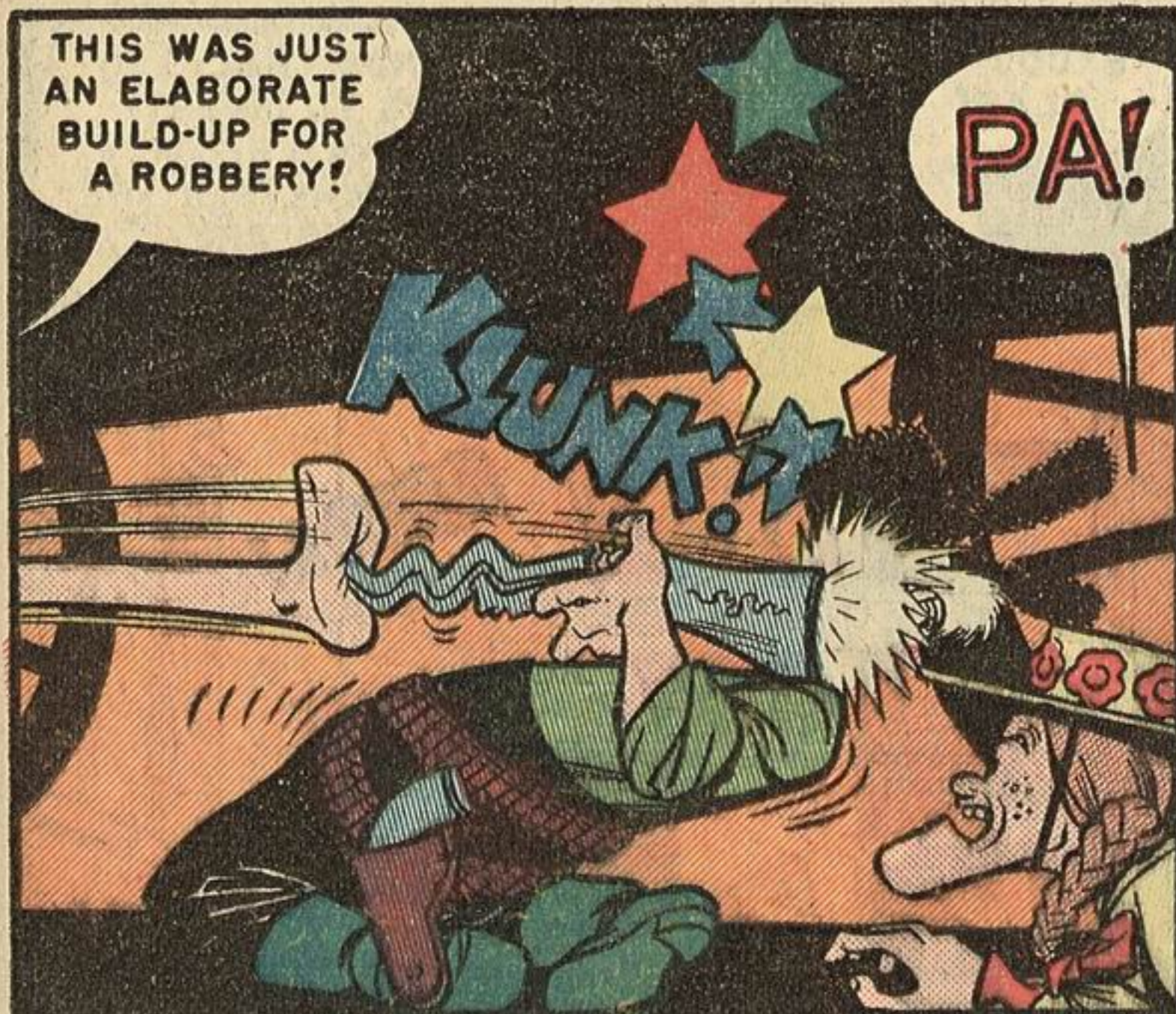
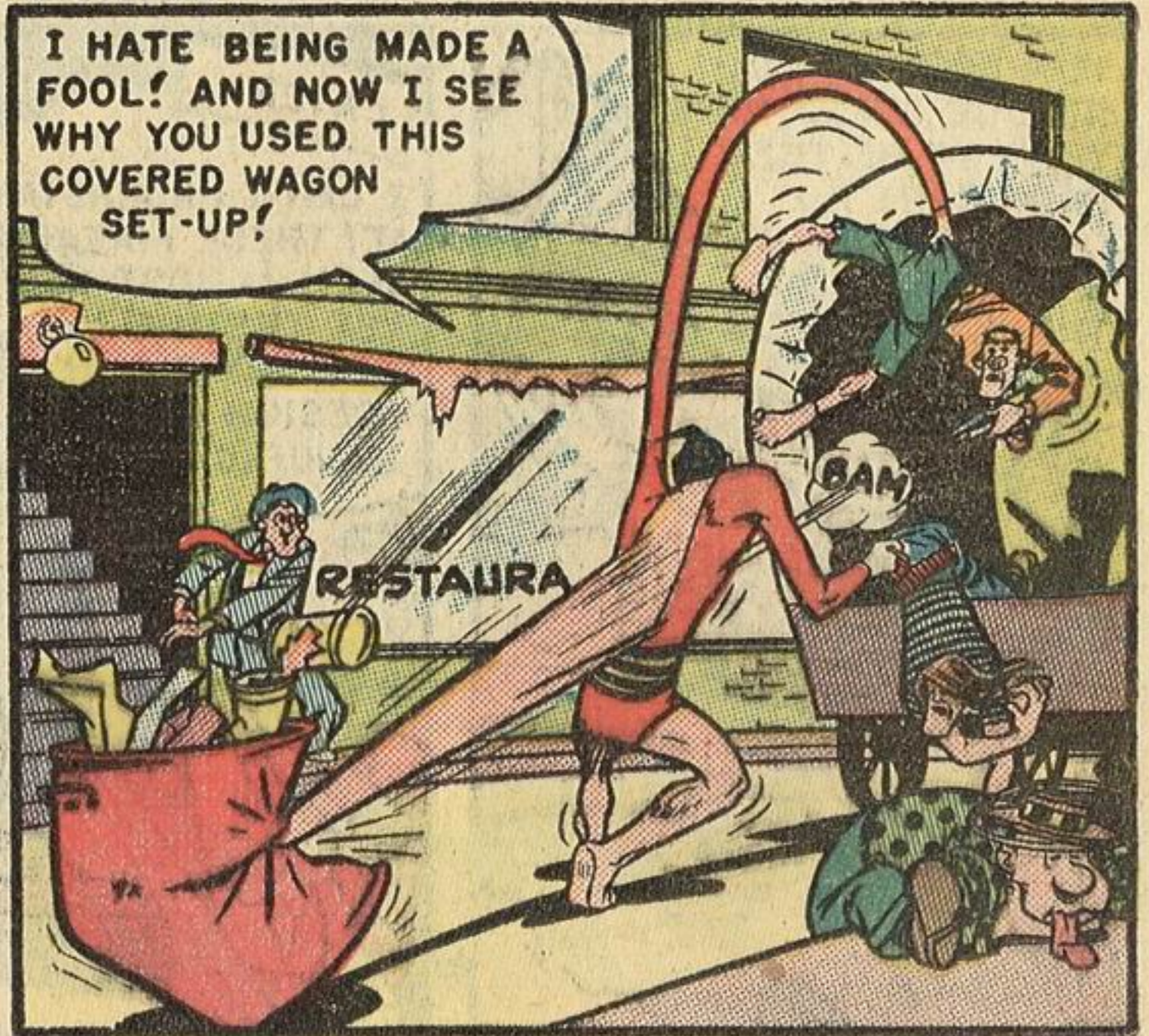
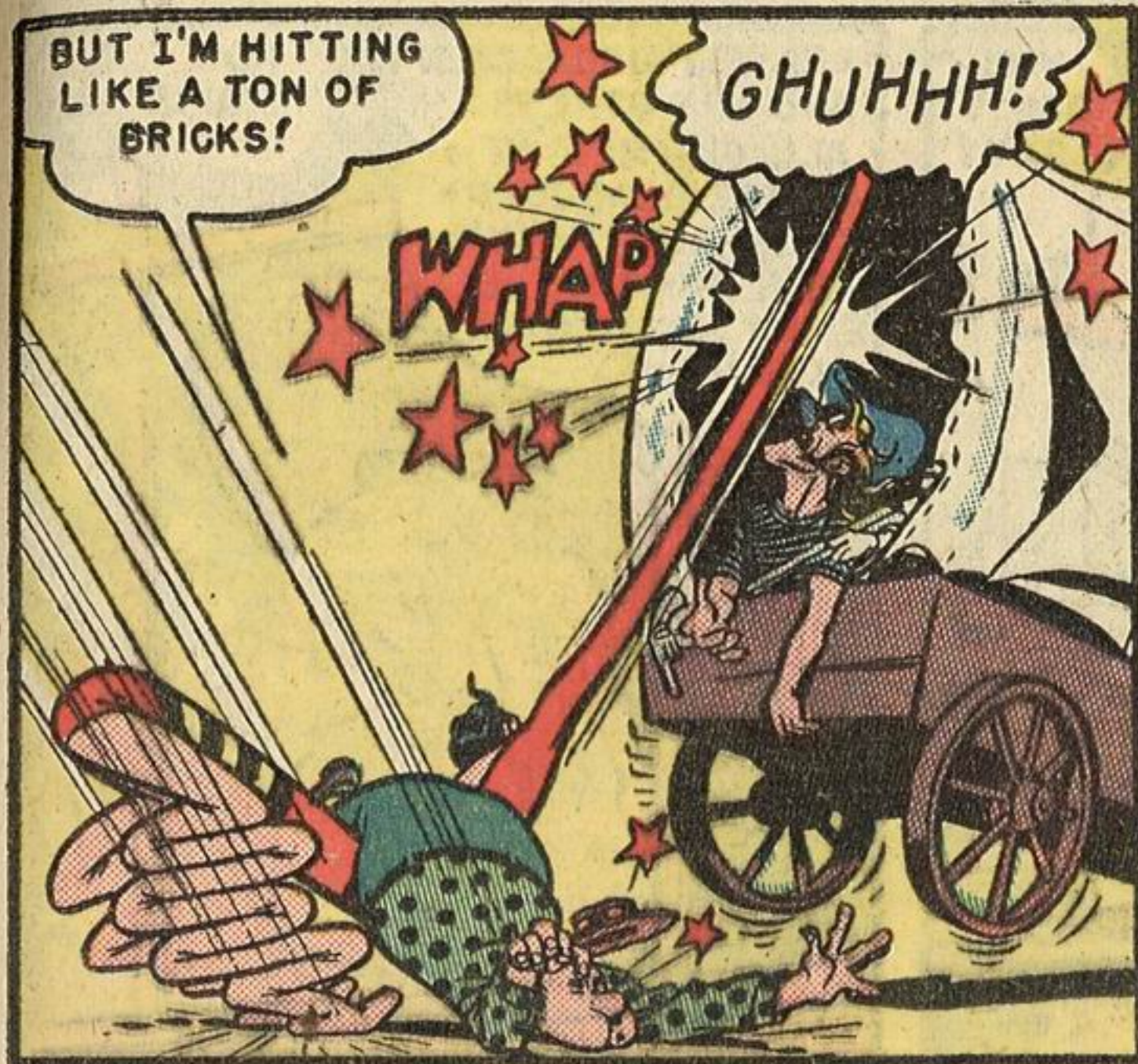
WHOOPS!

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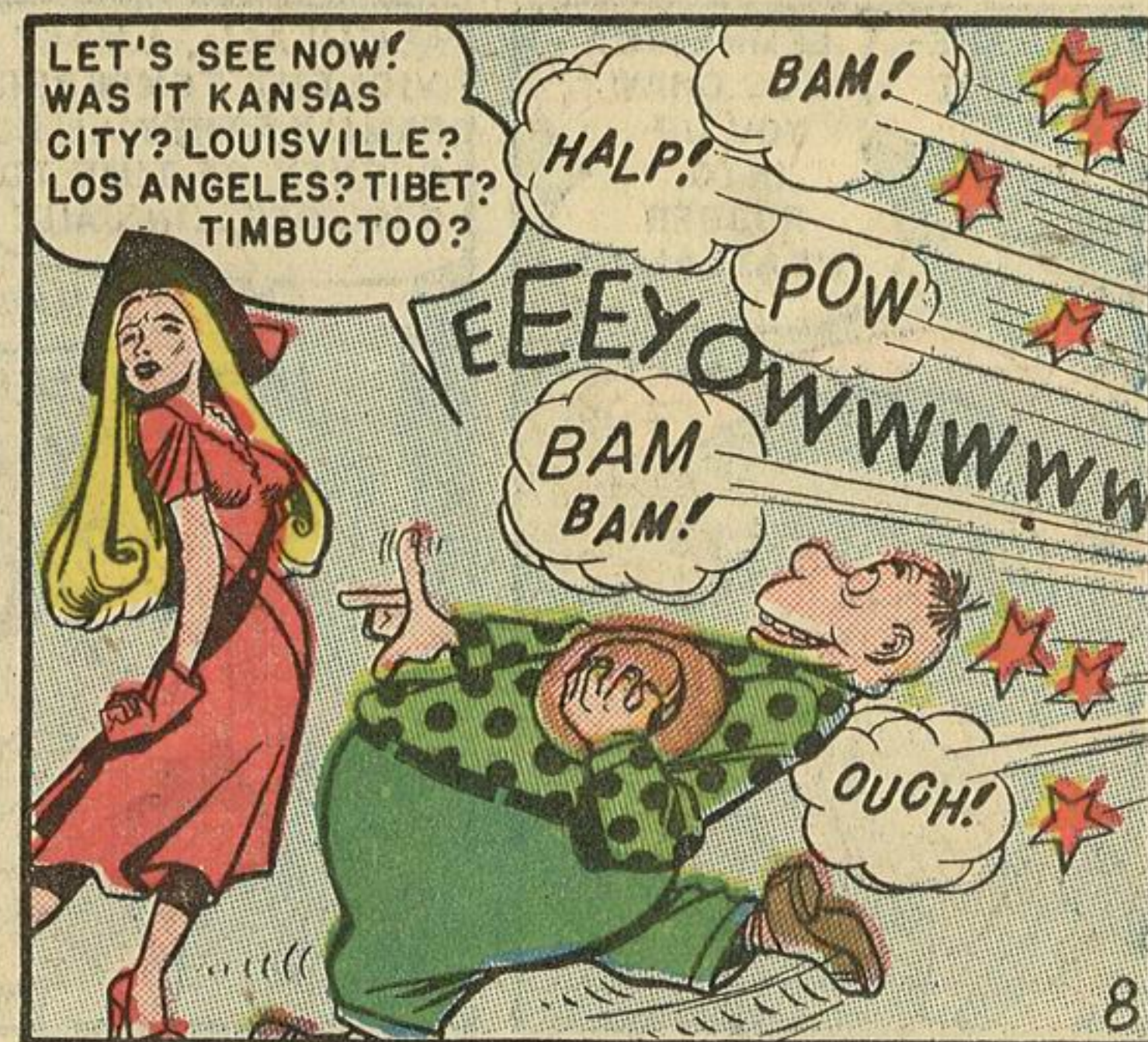
MEANWHILE, A SCENE OF DESPERATE BATTLE TAKES PLACE OUTSIDE THE BESIEGED FEDERAL BANK...



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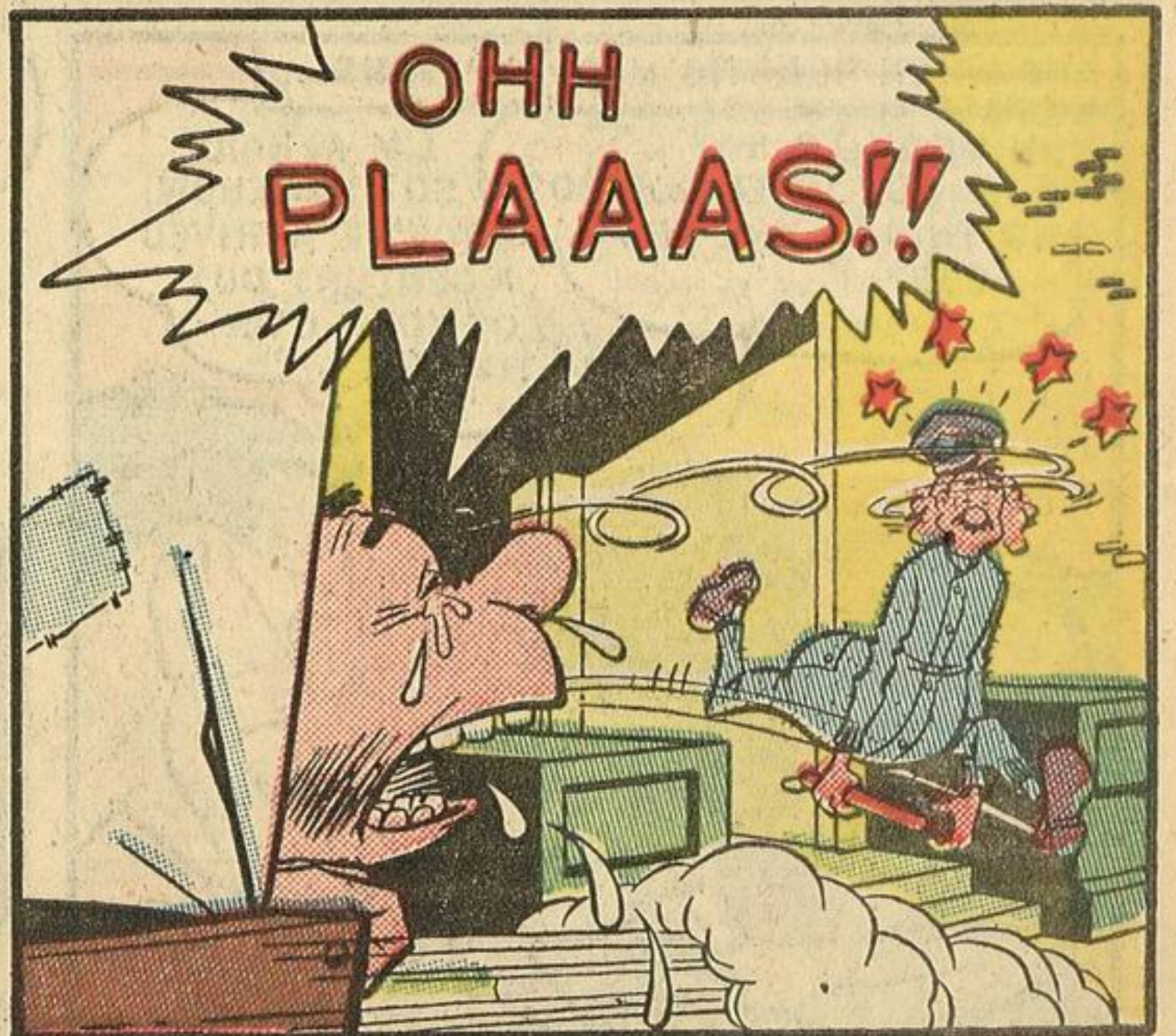
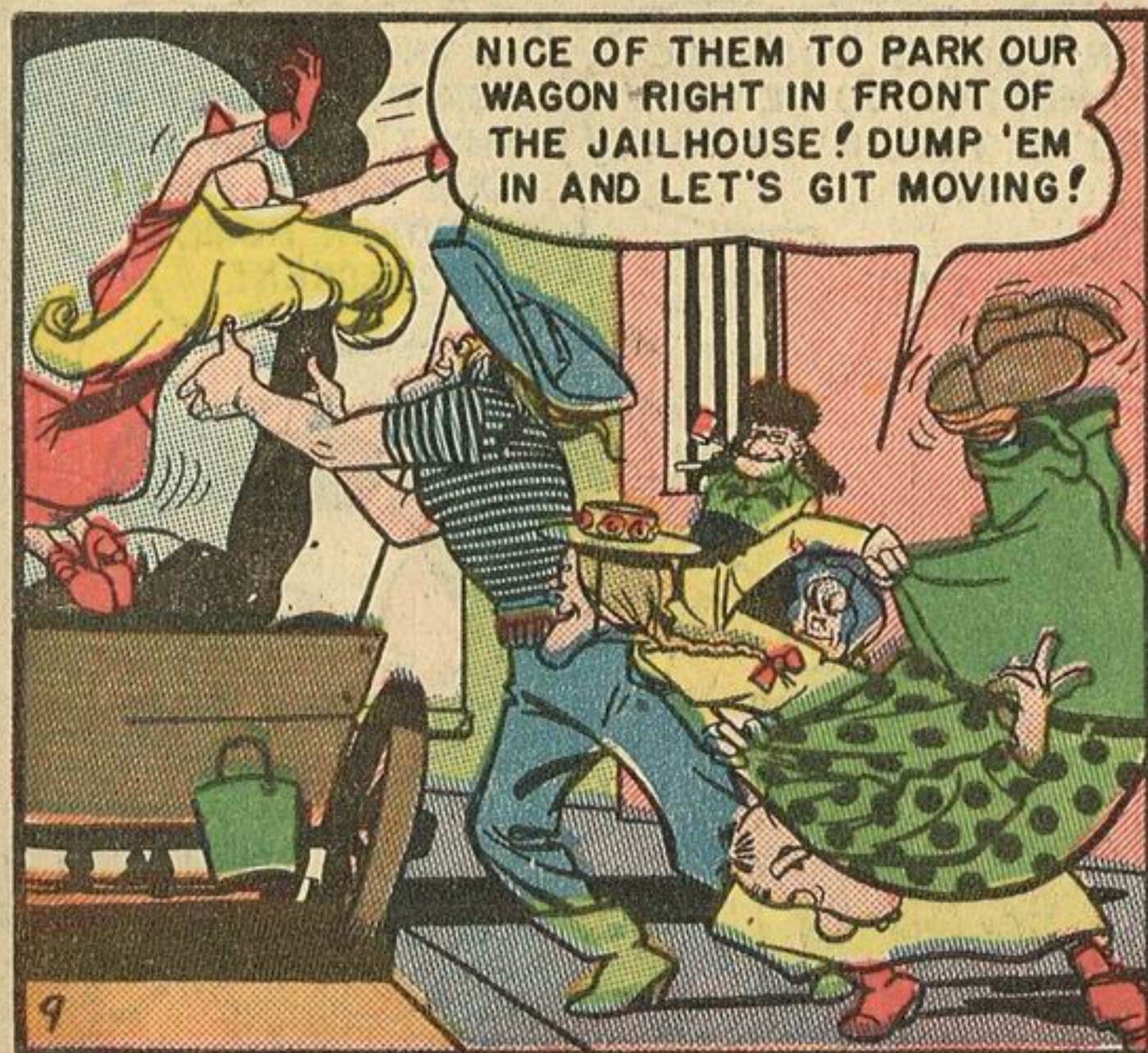
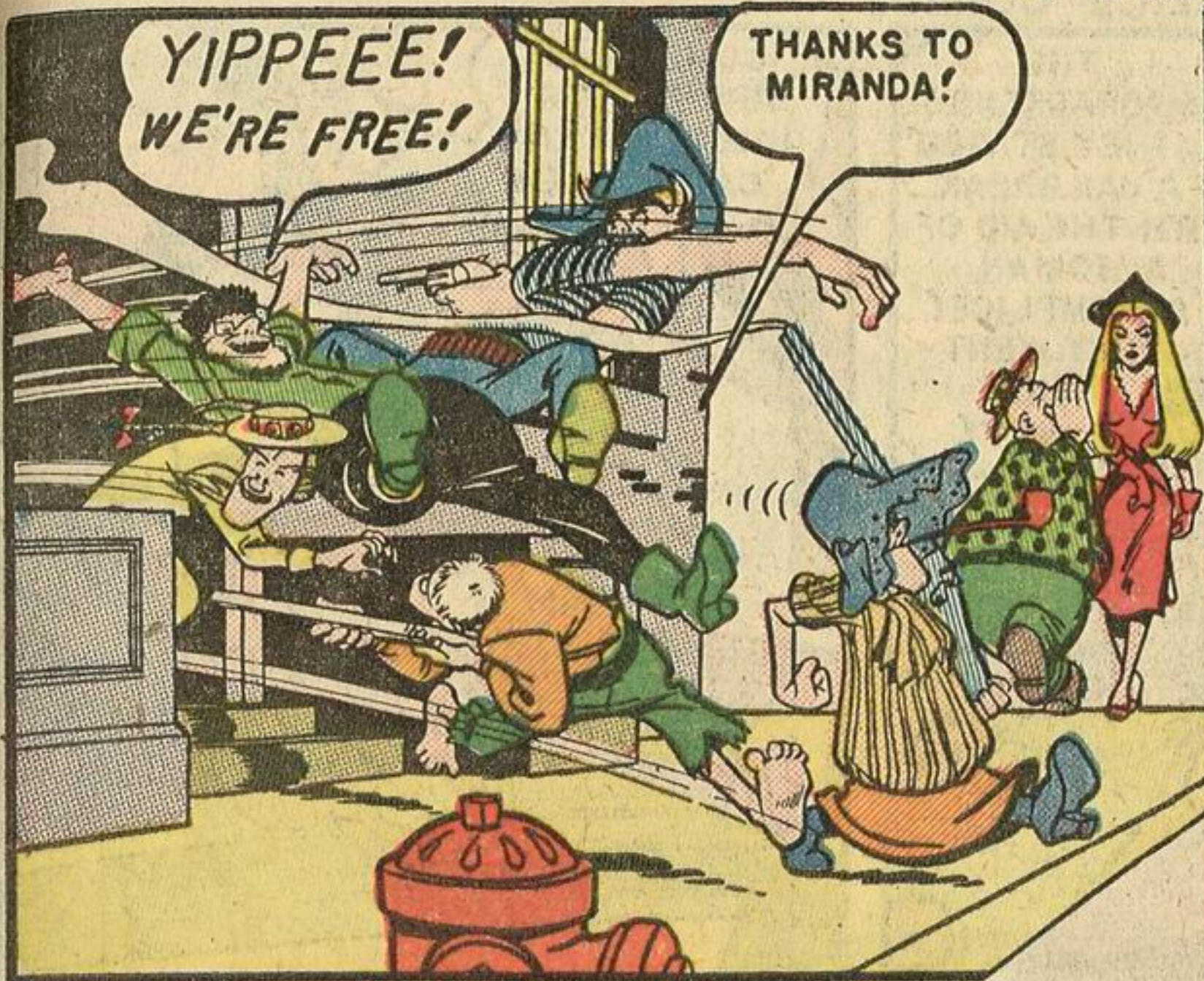


EXCUSE ME, MISS! DIDN'T WE MEET SOMEWHERE BEFORE?

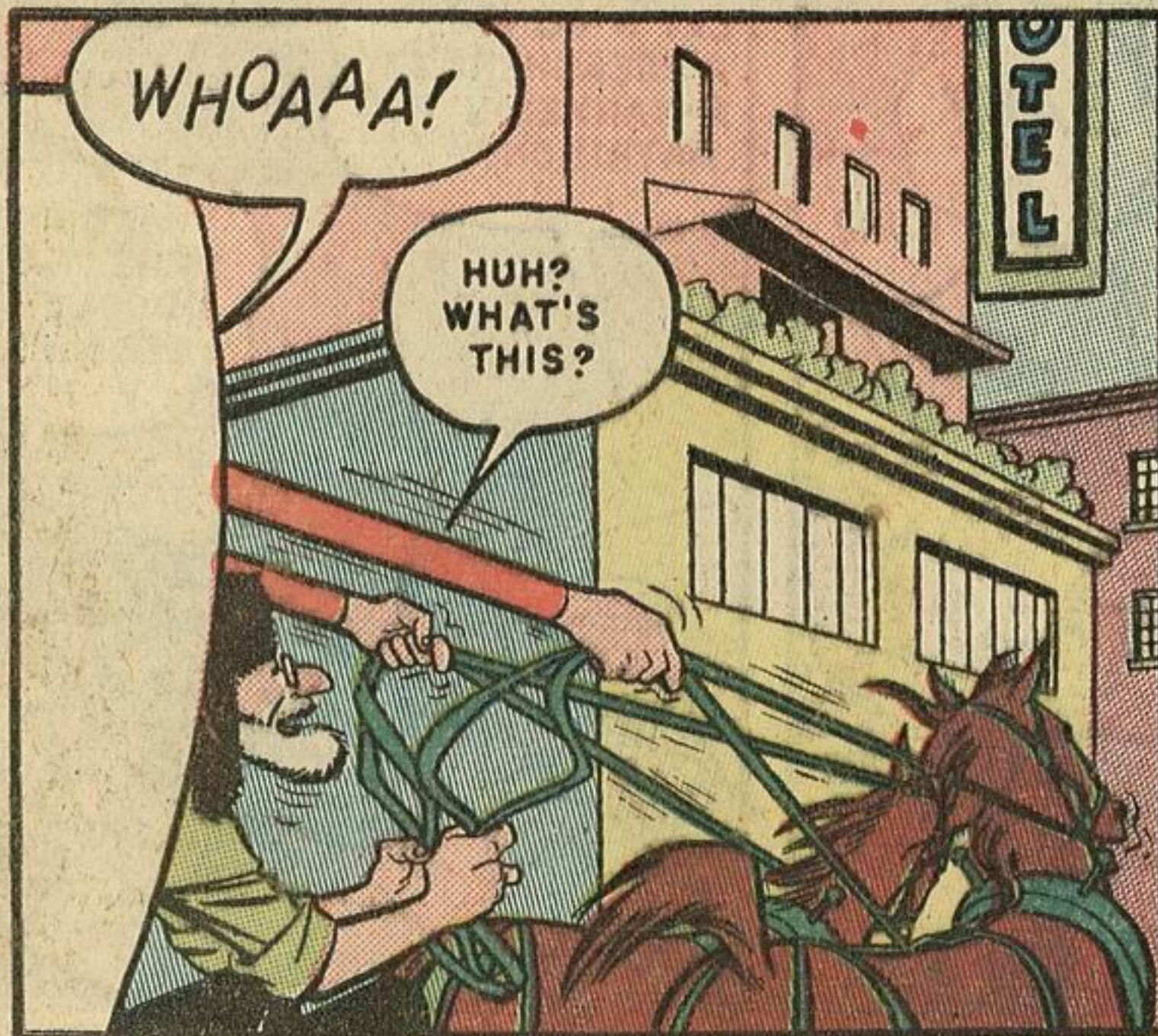
IF SO, I'M TRYING TO FORGET IT!

LET'S SEE NOW! WAS IT KANSAS CITY? LOUISVILLE? LOS ANGELES? TIBET? TIMBUCTOO?

BAM! HALP! POW! EEEYOWWWW BAM BAM! OUCH!



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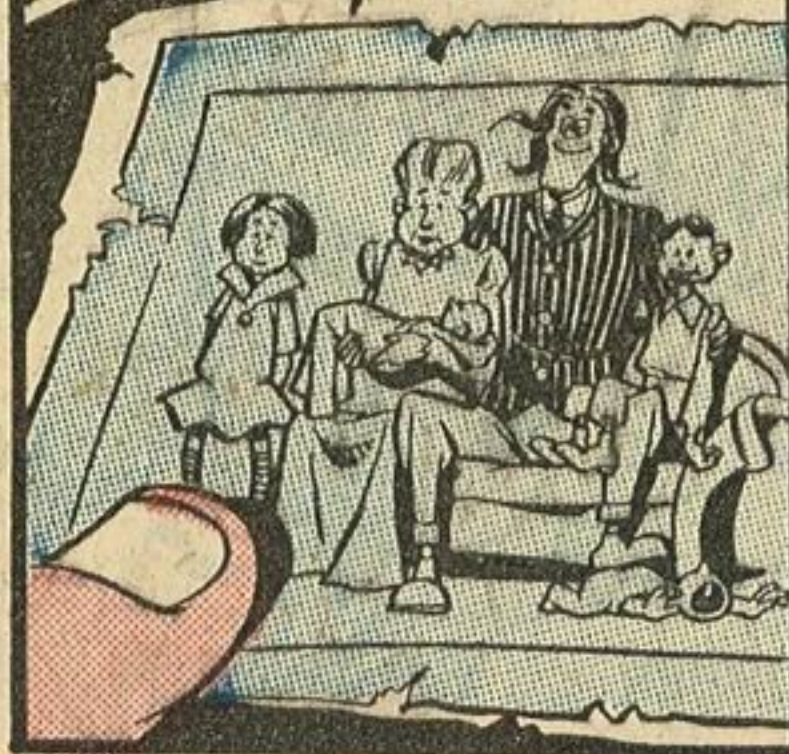
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WHEN I CHECKED THE RECORDS AND FOUND OUT YOUR STORY WAS TRUE, I LOOKED UP YOUR ONLY LIVING DESCENDANT IN THIS CITY!

AND I BROUGHT ALONG SOME OLD FAMILY PICTURES TO PROVE IT!

WAL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! THESE PICTURES SHOW ELMER MARRIED AND WITH A FAMILY OF HIS OWN!

IT'S NICE TO KNOW EVERYTHING TURNED OUT SO WELL!



THAT'S JUST THE PROBLEM! *NOTHING* IS GOING TO WORK OUT THE WAY IT SHOULD UNLESS YOU GO BACK WHERE YOU BELONG... TO 1850!

BUT HOW'RE WE GONNA DO THAT?



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! WE'LL TAKE THE COVERED WAGON BACK TO WHERE YOU WERE WHEN THAT PECULIAR SANDSTORM STARTED! AND THEN BZZ BZZZ BZZZ!

RECKON IT'S GOT TO WORK! WE CAN'T KEEP ELMER AWAY FROM THAT FAMILY HE'S GOIN' TO HAVE! THEY'RE OUR GRANDCHILDREN!

SIGHHH!



AND SOON...

LOOK... ANOTHER SANDSTORM IS SWEEPING UP! I'LL WAGER THIS IS NATURE'S WAY OF REMEDYING ITS OWN COLOSSAL ERROR!

GOLLY! I'M GLAD I'M NOT STILL IN THAT COVERED WAGON!



ULP! THE WAGON IS GONE! IT JUST DISAPPEARED!

I RATHER EXPECTED IT TO HAPPEN THIS WAY! YOUR ANCESTORS HAVE GONE BACK, HOMER... LOOKING FOR THEIR FABLED EL DORADO! LUCKILY, WE KNOW THEIR STORY WORKS OUT FOR THE BEST!

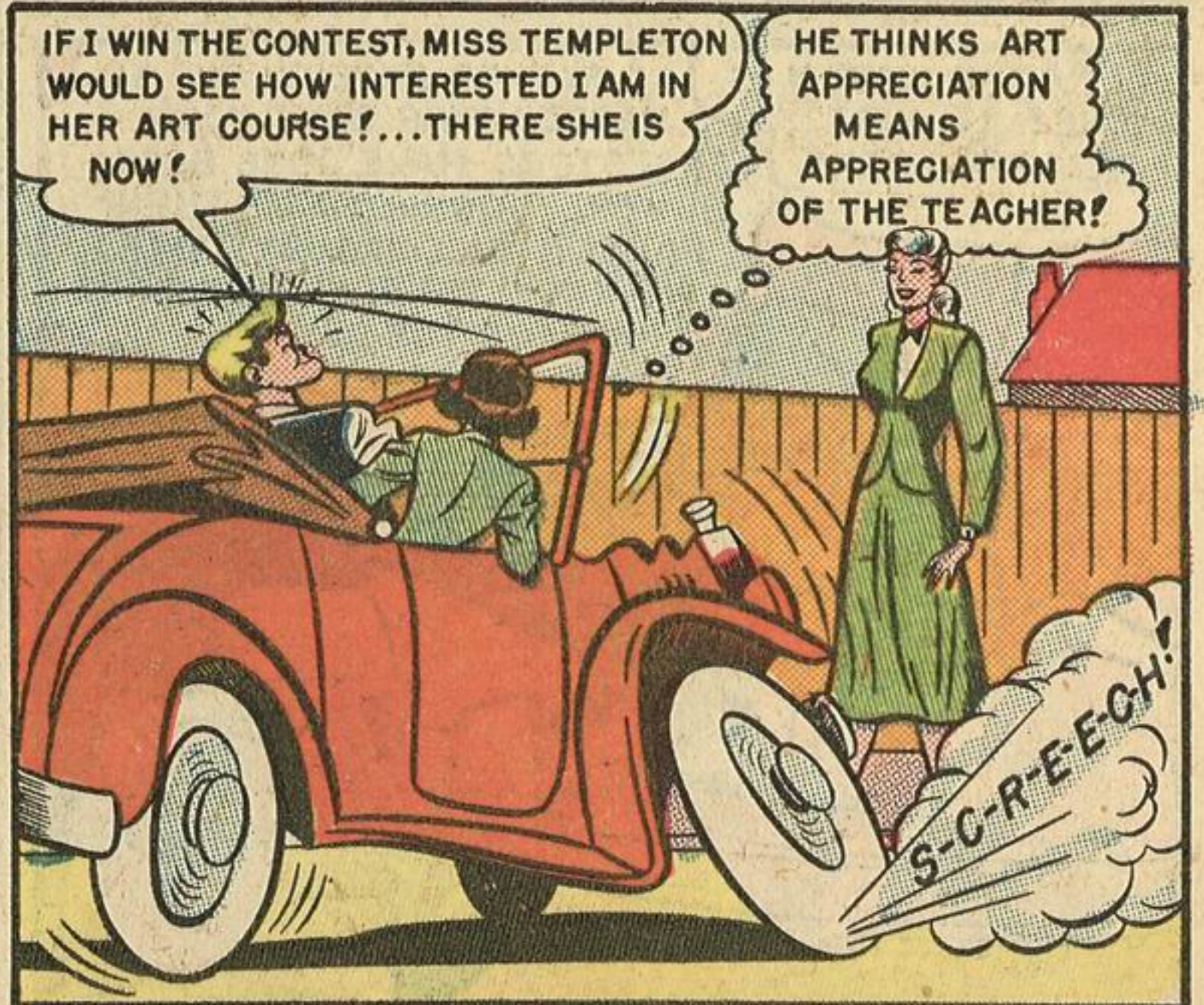
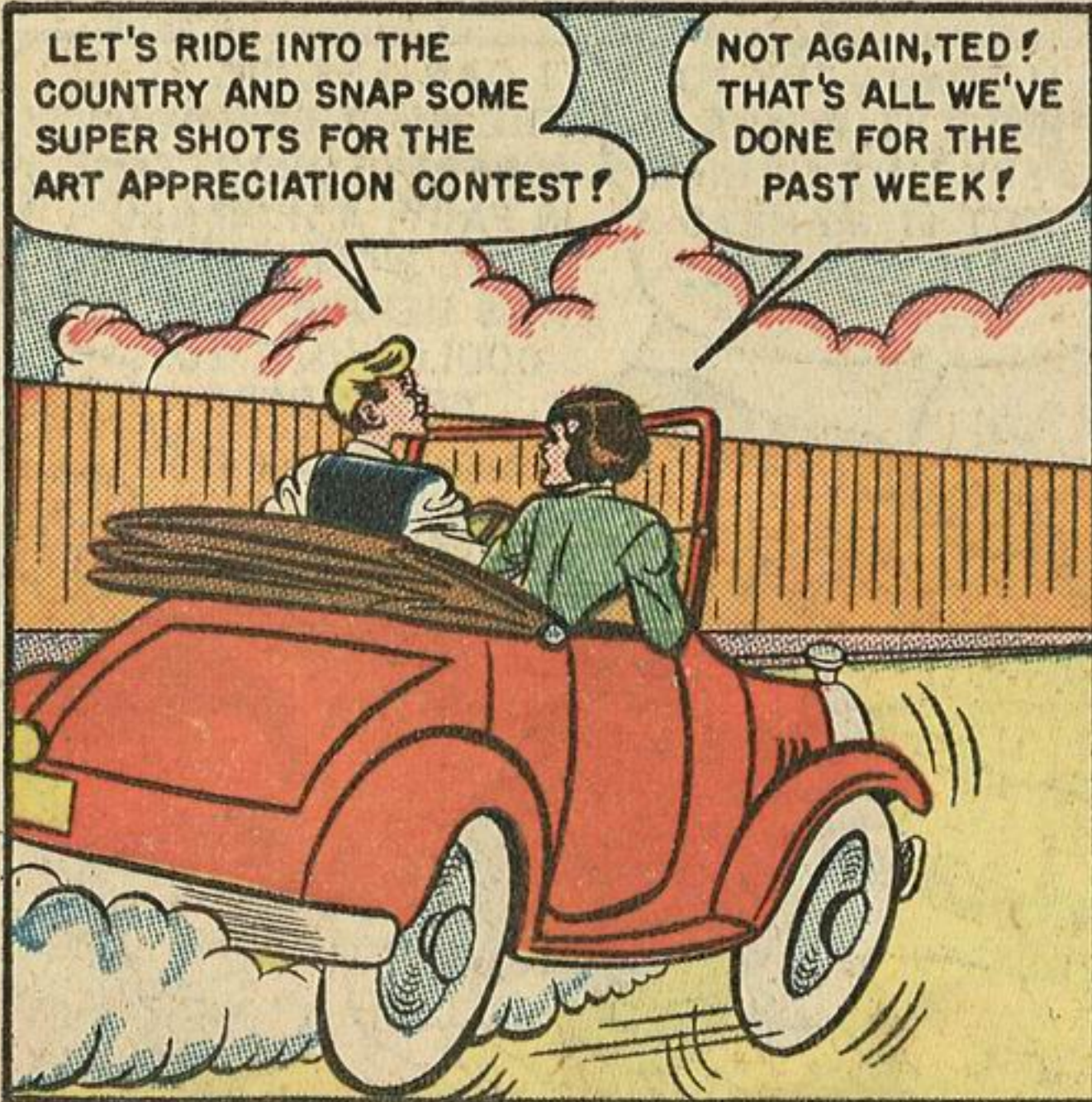


I'M GONNA TRY TO FORGET IT, PLAS! EVERY TIME I THINK ABOUT IT MY HEAD STARTS HURTING!

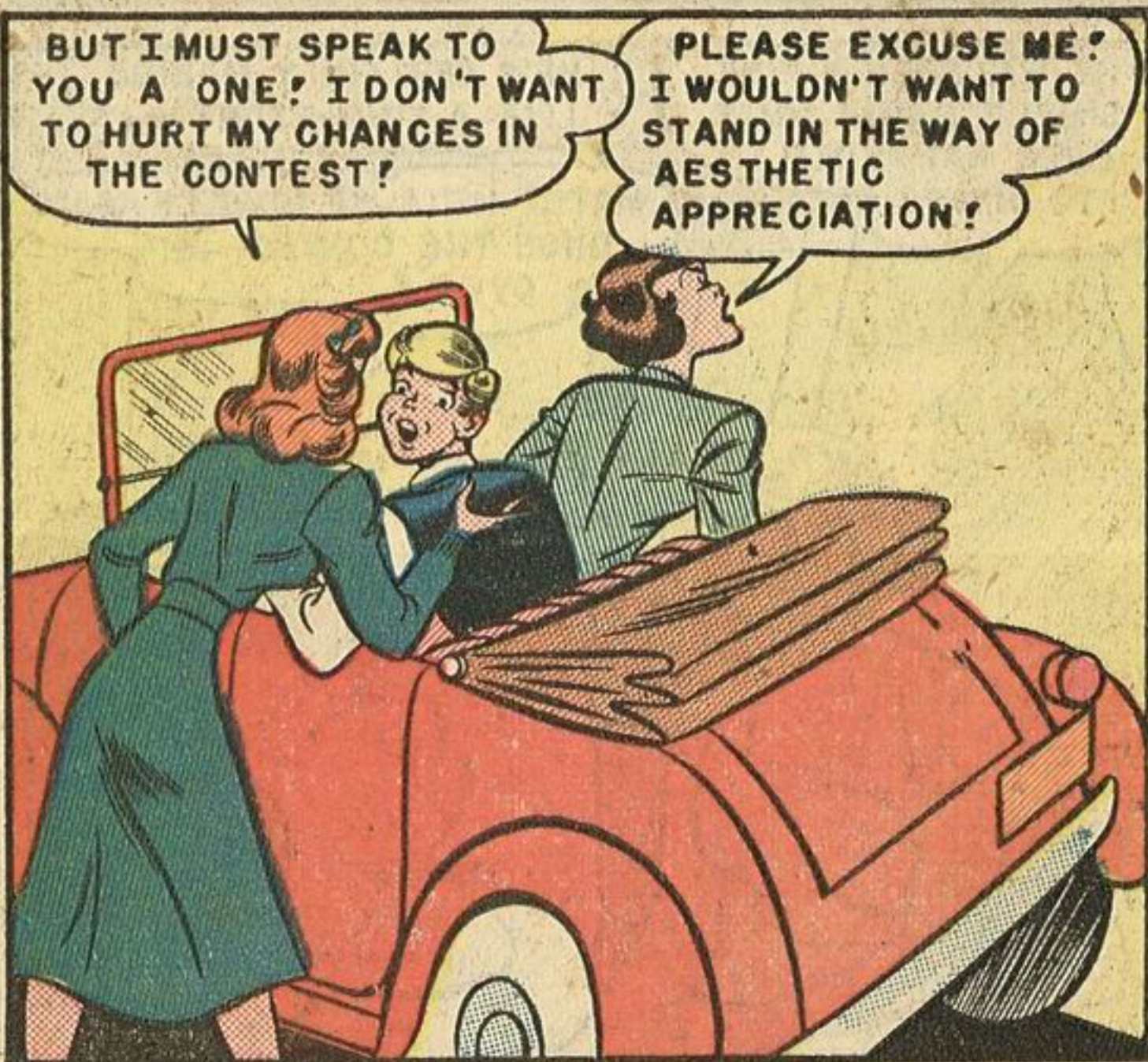
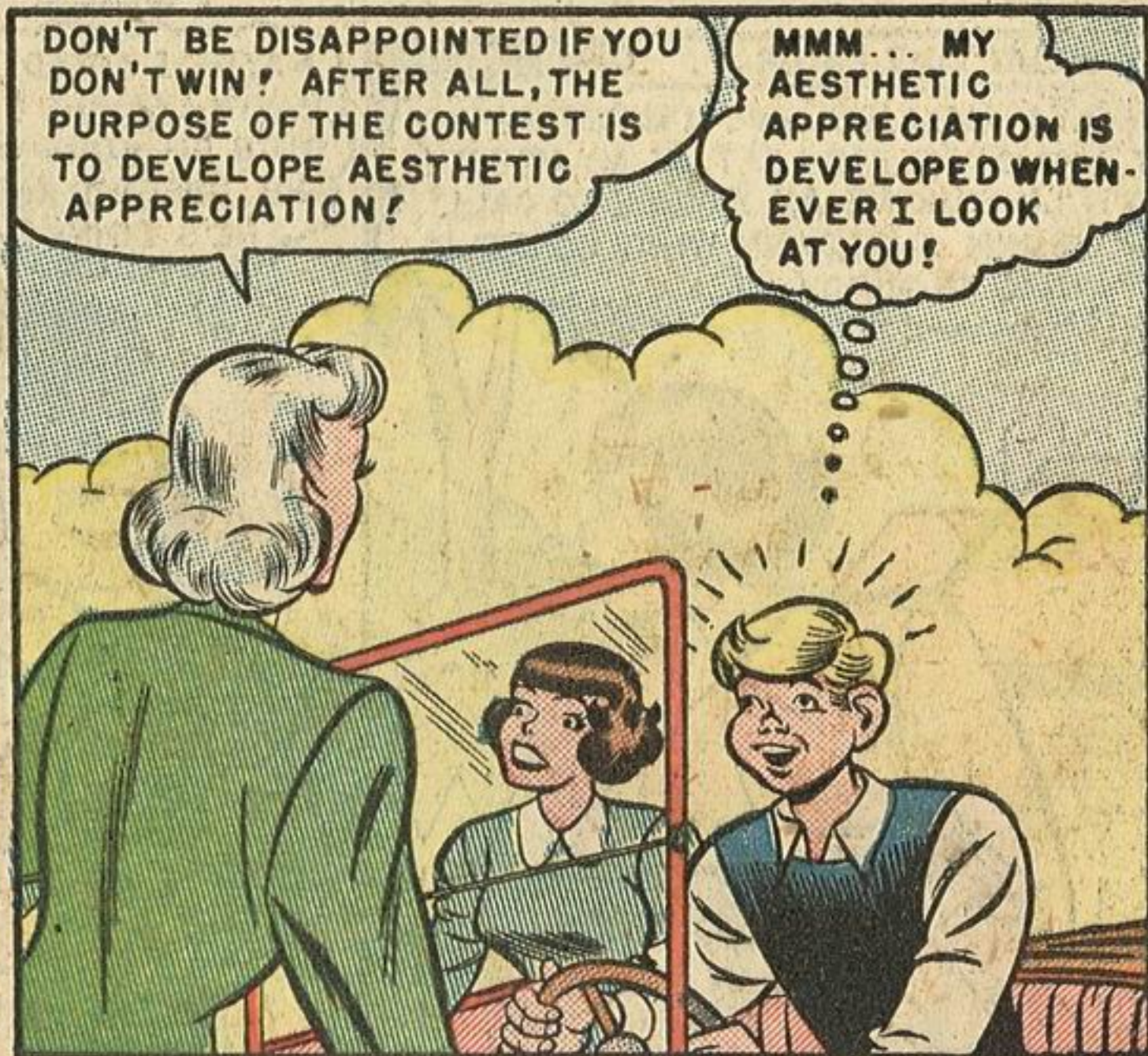
I CAN ASSURE YOU THE MCCRACKENS HAVE ALREADY FORGOTTEN! IN FACT, A HUNDRED YEARS WOULD NEED TO PASS BEFORE THEY COULD HOPE TO REMEMBER!



CANDY



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I'LL MAKE BELIEVE I'M RETURNING THIS BOOK TED LEFT AT MY HOUSE! IT'LL GIVE ME AN EXCUSE TO CALL ON HIM AND LEARN WHAT CORNELIA HAD IN MIND!



MAYBE I ACTED A LITTLE HASTY, LEAVING TED FLAT! HE'S SO GONE ON MISS T., HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT HE'S DOING!



I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE, CANDY! MAYBE YOU CAN ENLIGHTEN ME ABOUT TED!

HELLO, MRS. DAWSON!

I'D LIKE TO ENLIGHTEN TED!



I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT! ON A COLD DAY LIKE THIS TED PUT ON HIS BATHING TRUNKS AND WENT OUT IN THE BACK YARD!

GOSH! I SHOULDN'T HAVE LEFT HIM! HE'S CRACKED UP!



SWELL OF YOU TO THINK OF THIS, CORNELIA! WE'LL HAVE TO DEVELOP THE PICTURE OURSELVES SO MISS TEMPLETON WILL HAVE IT FOR THE CONTEST!

NOT ONLY WILL SHE BE IMPRESSED BY YOUR PHYSIQUE, BUT I'LL PROBABLY WIN THE CONTEST!

AND DEAR CANDY WILL BURN UP SOME MORE!



HE WAS SUCH A FINE, SIMPLE BABY! WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO HIM?

HE'S CERTAINLY MAKING LIKE A SIMPLETON!

MAYBE HE'LL BE HIMSELF AGAIN ONCE THE CONTEST IS OVER!



THE NEXT AFTERNOON...

HERE ARE OUR ENTRIES, MISS TEMPLETON! ART APPRECIATION WASN'T INTERESTING UNTIL YOU BECAME THE TEACHER!

YOU'RE A DEAR, TED!

I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE WAY THIS BOY LOOKS AT ME!

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MAYBE I'VE HIT ON SOMETHING WHICH WILL BE AN EXCELLENT SUBJECT FOR ART APPRECIATION!



AND I'M SURE MRS. DAWSON WILL COOPERATE!



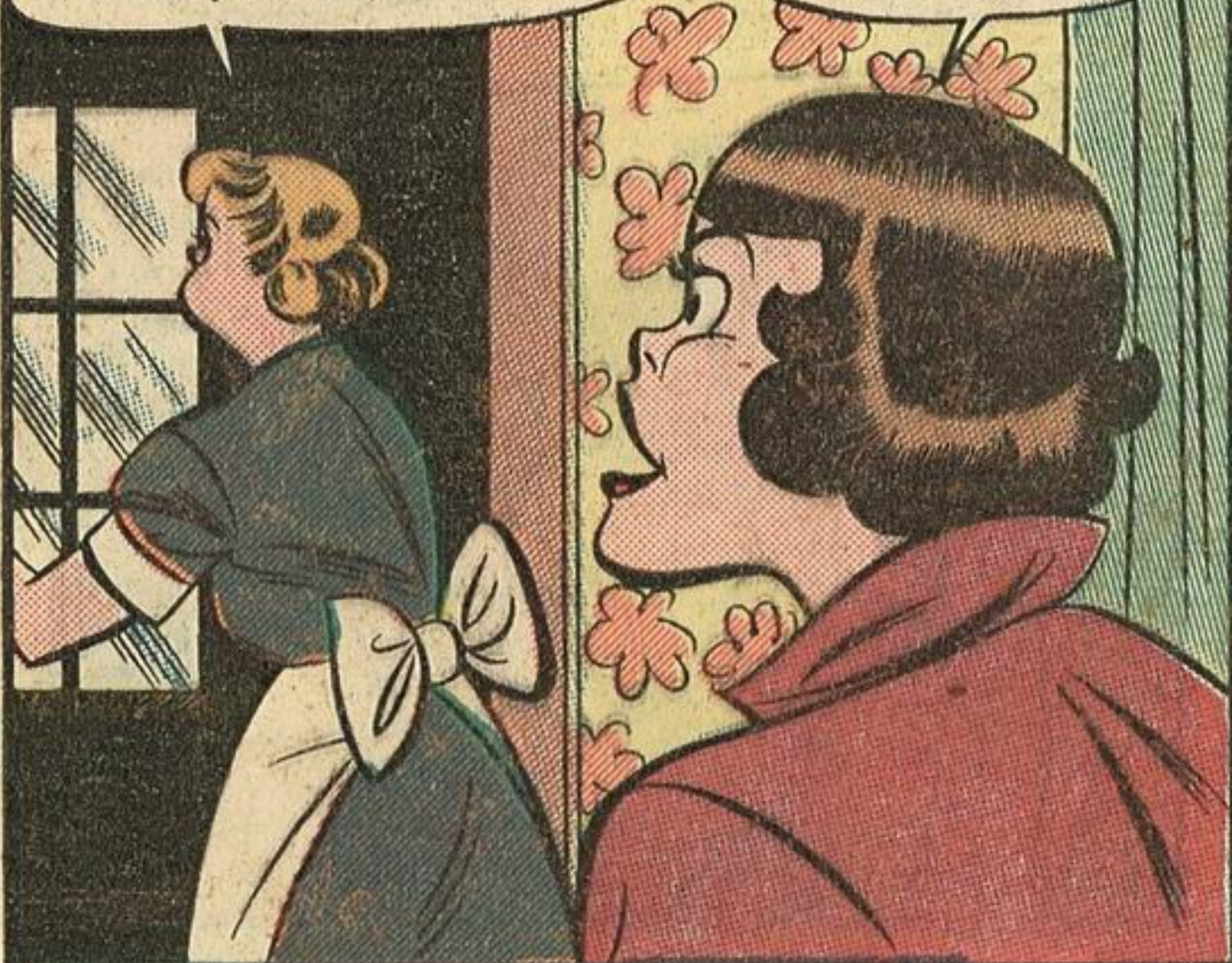
... AND IF TED REALIZES HE'S STILL A CHILD IN MISS TEMPLETON'S EYES, MRS. DAWSON, MAYBE HE'LL COME TO HIS SENSES!

AND GET SOME REAL SCHOOL WORK DONE FOR A CHANGE!



I HAVE A NUMBER OF PHOTOGRAPHS FOR YOU TO CHOOSE FROM, CANDY!

GOOD! WHY, I MIGHT EVEN WIN THE CONTEST!



THIS ONE ALWAYS GAVE US A LAUGH, CANDY!

I'M SURE TED WON'T LAUGH IF I WIN WITH THIS!



LET'S KEEP THIS A SECRET BETWEEN US FOR THE TIME BEING, MRS. DAWSON!

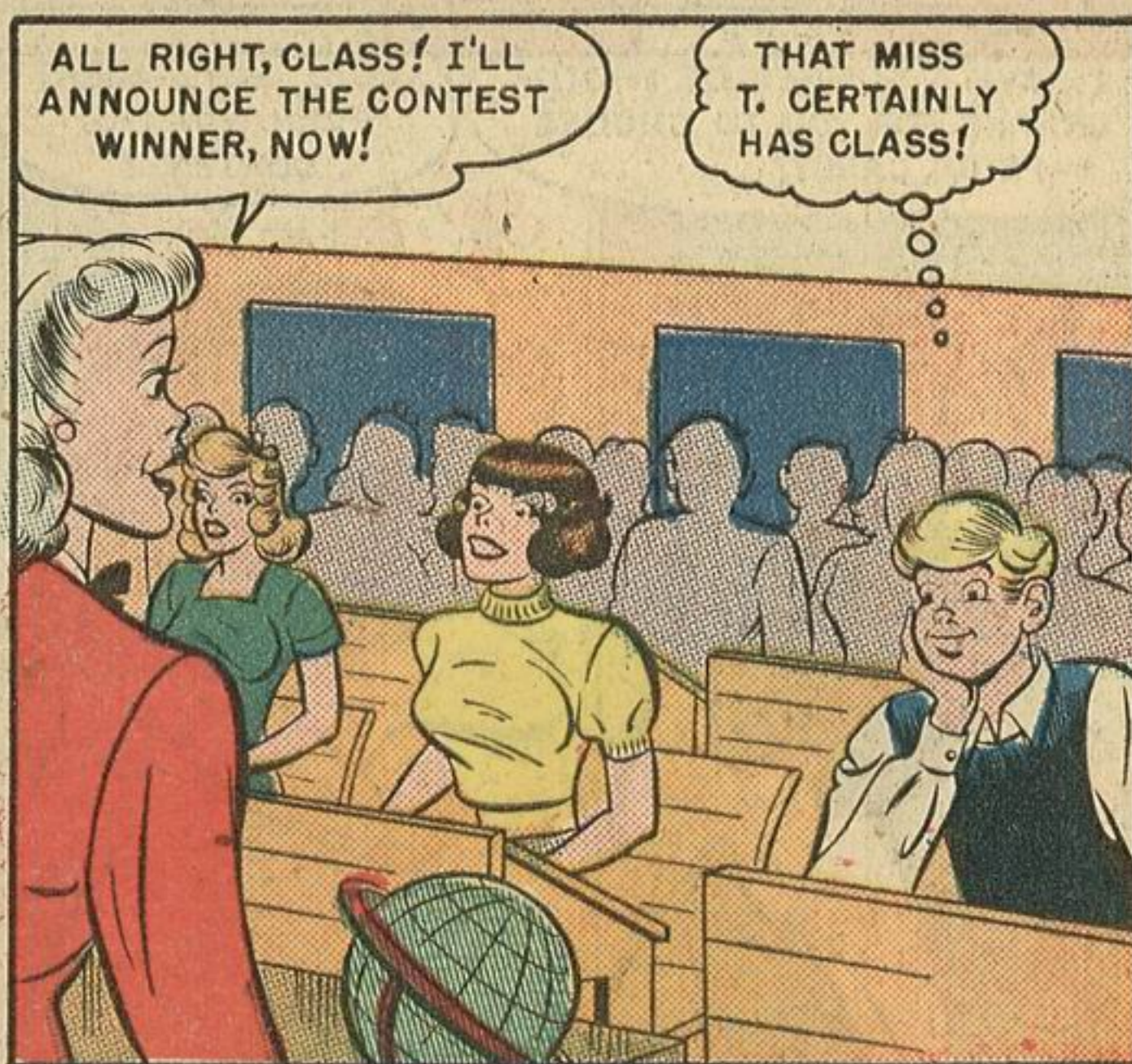
OF COURSE, CANDY! WE WOMEN MUST STICK TOGETHER!



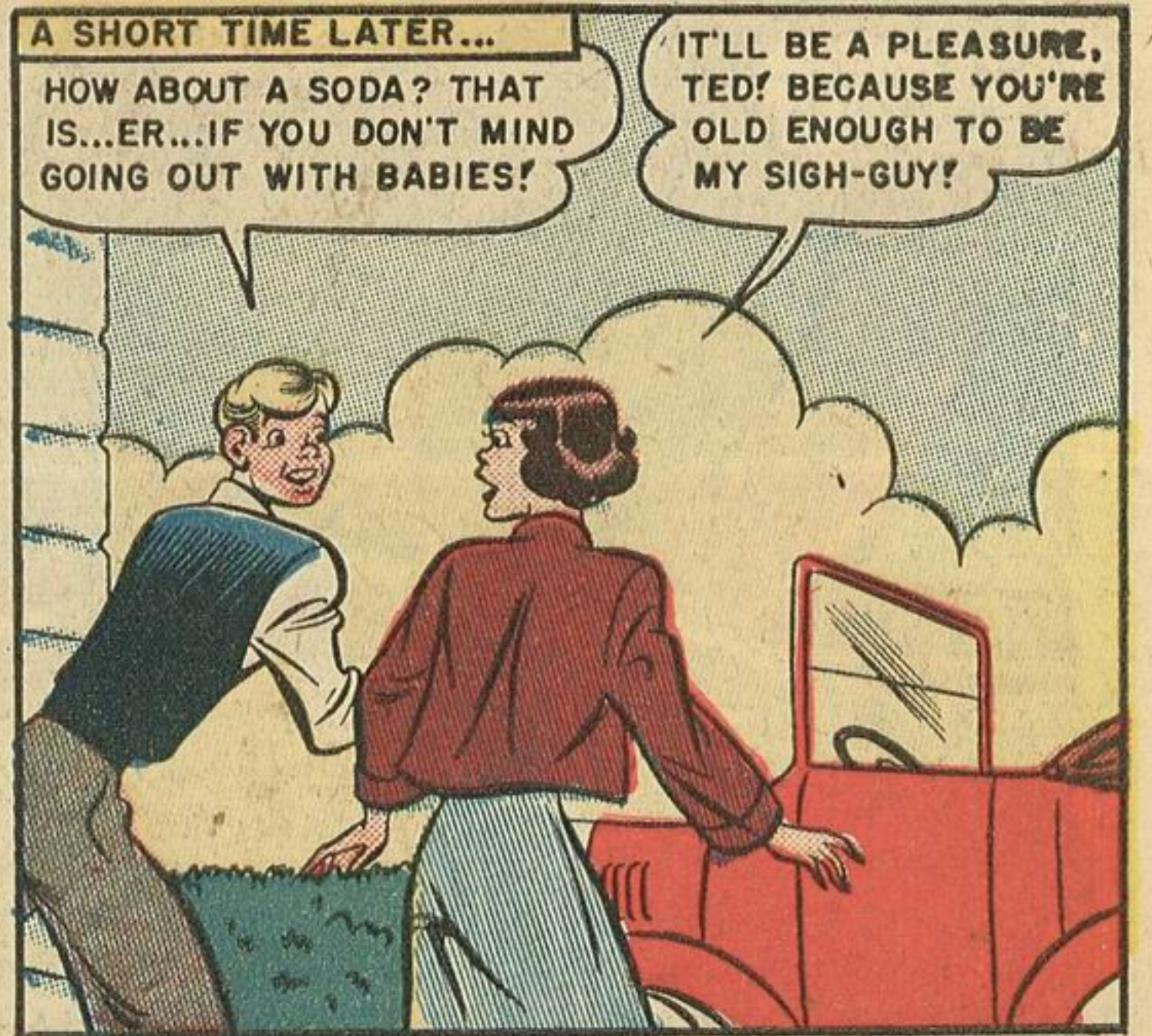
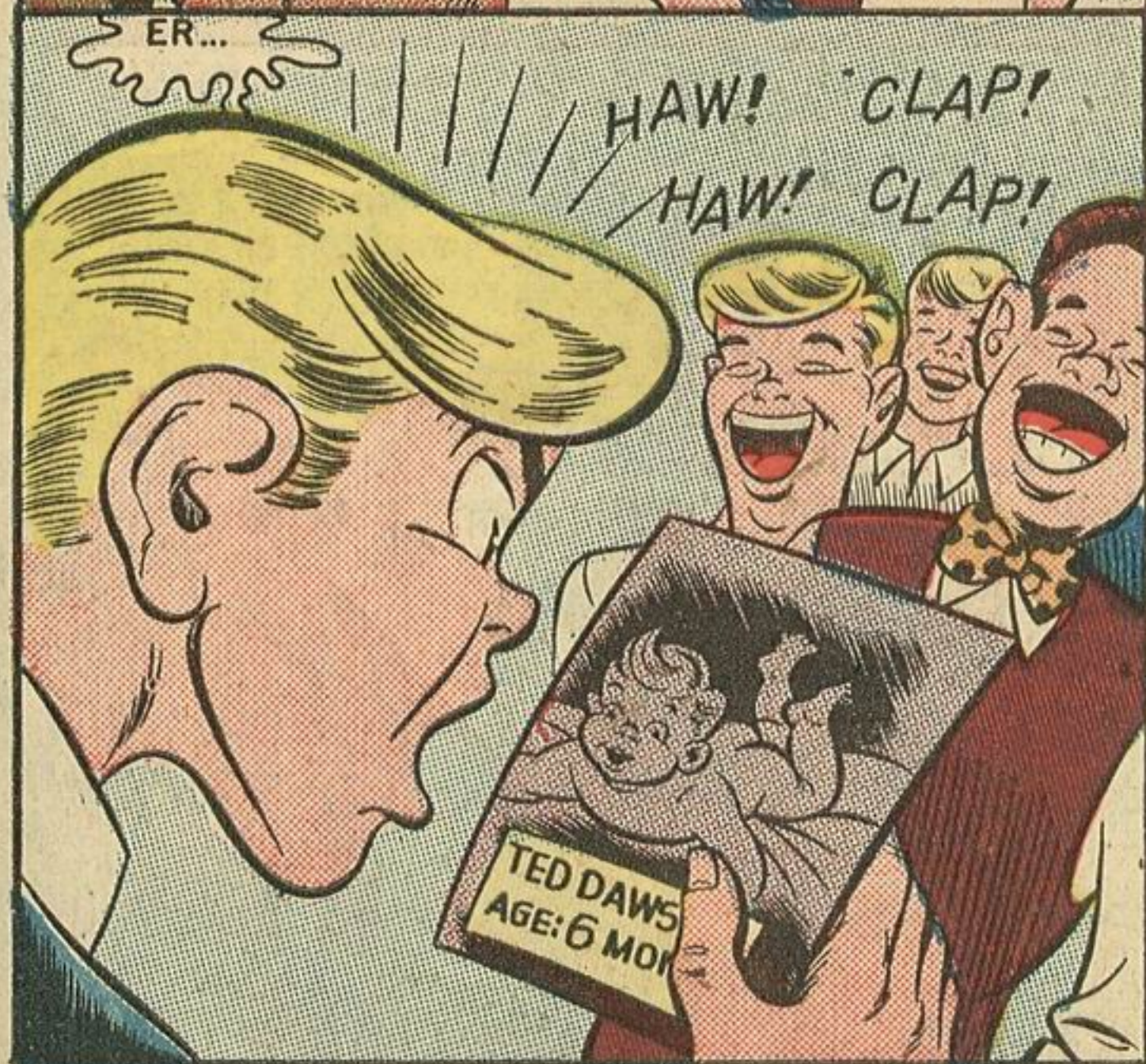
LOOKING FOR ME, SUGAR-CAKE?

JUST MADE A CALL ON YOUR MOTHER, MR. DAWSON! A SOCIAL AND BUSINESS CALL!





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Columbus
CIRCA 1492



De Soto



Magellan



Peap

THE Spirit

BY Will Eisner

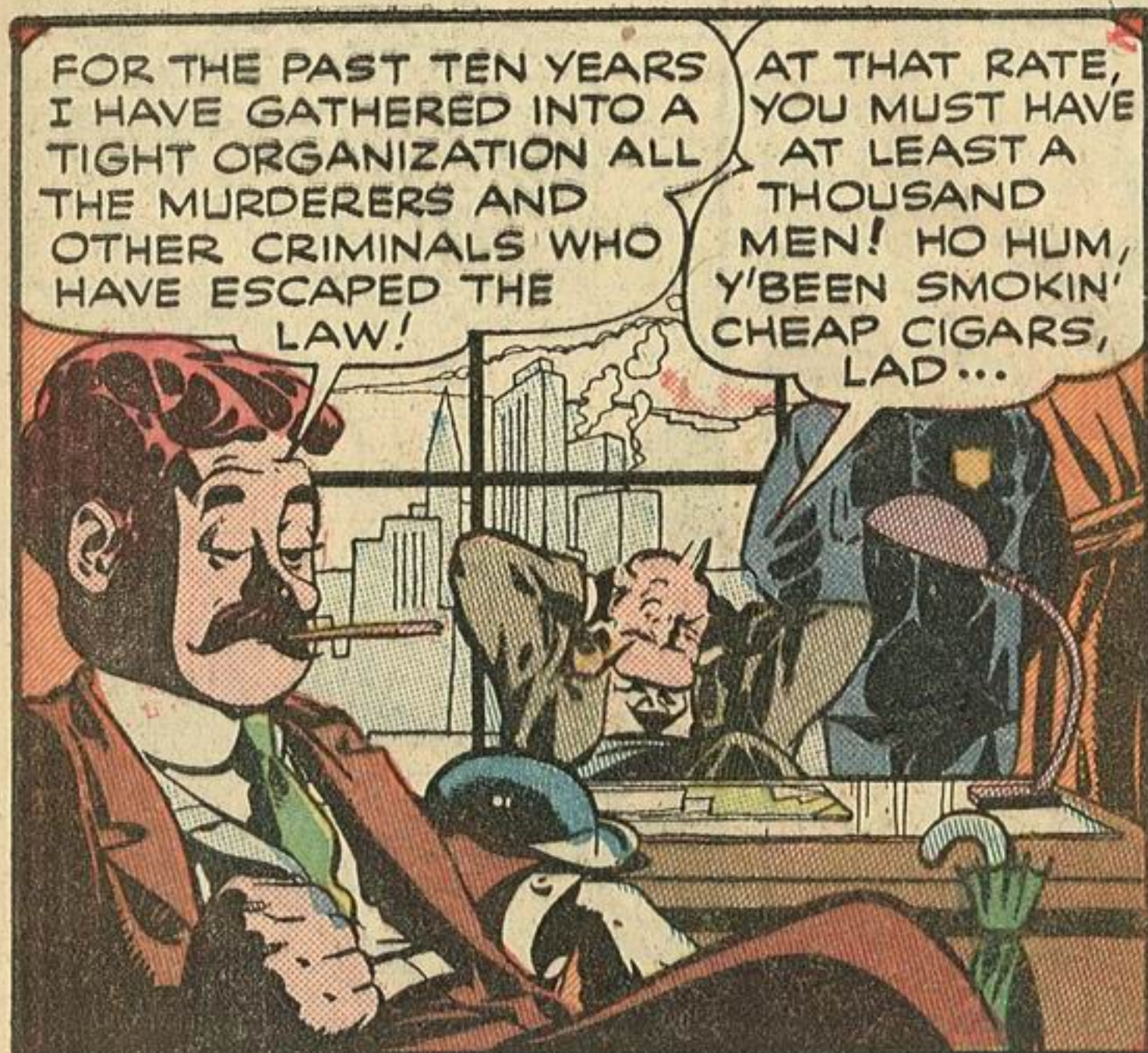
...AND YOU MIGHT SAY IT ALL BEGAN IN COMMISSIONER DOLAN'S OFFICE...

ARTEMUS PEAP?
ARTEMUS PEAP?
I NEVER HEARD
OF YOU!

OF COURSE NOT!
I'M NOT FAMOUS
YET!



Soon, soon, EARTHPEOPLE WILL TRAVEL TO OTHER PLANETS... YOU CAN BET YOUR SHIRT ON IT! First to leave, of course, will be the explorers, like COLUMBUS, DE SOTO AND MAGELLAN, in their era. Well, we hereby NOTIFY HISTORIANS OF THE FIRST INTERPLANETARY EXPLORER ONE Artemus Peap.....





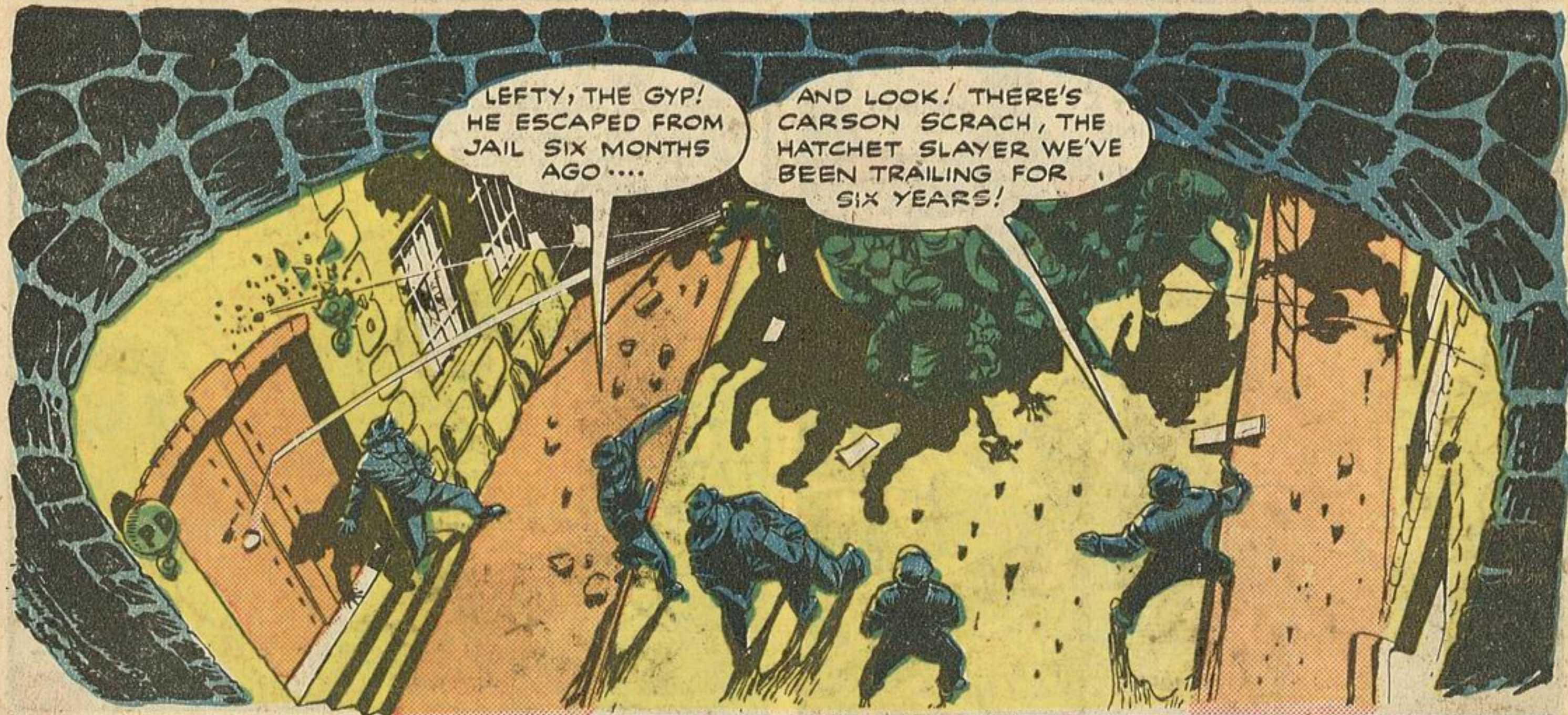
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...and true to **ARTEMUS PEAP'S** word the phantom gang moves up...like a locust invasion they seem to appear from nowhere...out of old houses...up from the sewers...until at last they form a mighty armed body, and swarm forward toward police headquarters....



LEFTY, THE GYP!
HE ESCAPED FROM
JAIL SIX MONTHS
AGO....

AND LOOK! THERE'S
CARSON SCRACH, THE
HATCHET SLAYER WE'VE
BEEN TRAILING FOR
SIX YEARS!



Suddenly the thieves halt....for the first time they realize that the retreating police have been **FOLLOWING A PLAN!**

IT'S A
TRAP!!

LET'S GET
OUTA HERE!

NO!!
SPREAD
OUT!

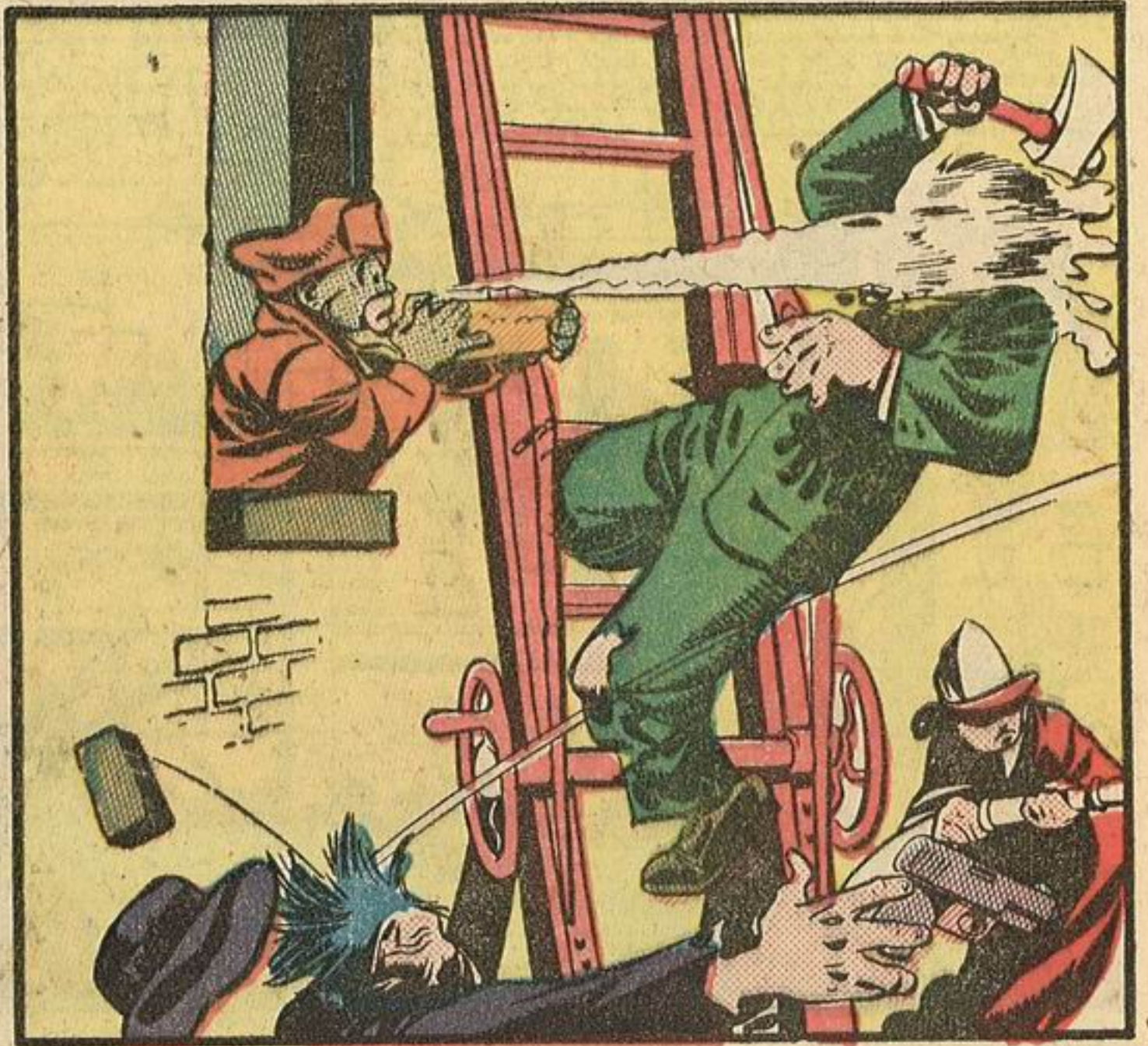
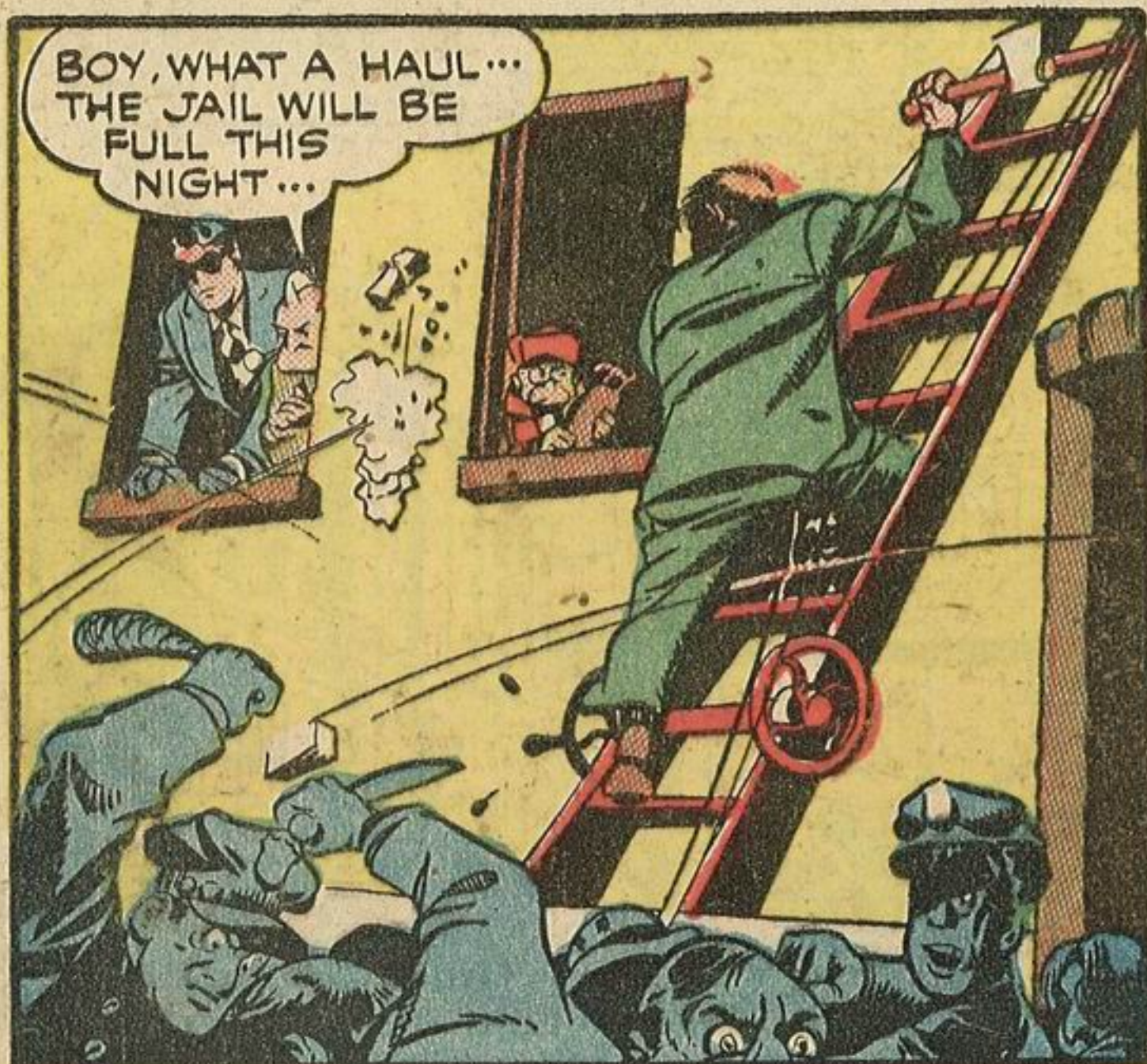
G*x!!#*!!



...and as they turn in panic

SEPARATE THEM INTO
SMALL GROUPS...THEY'LL
BE EASIER TO HANDLE!

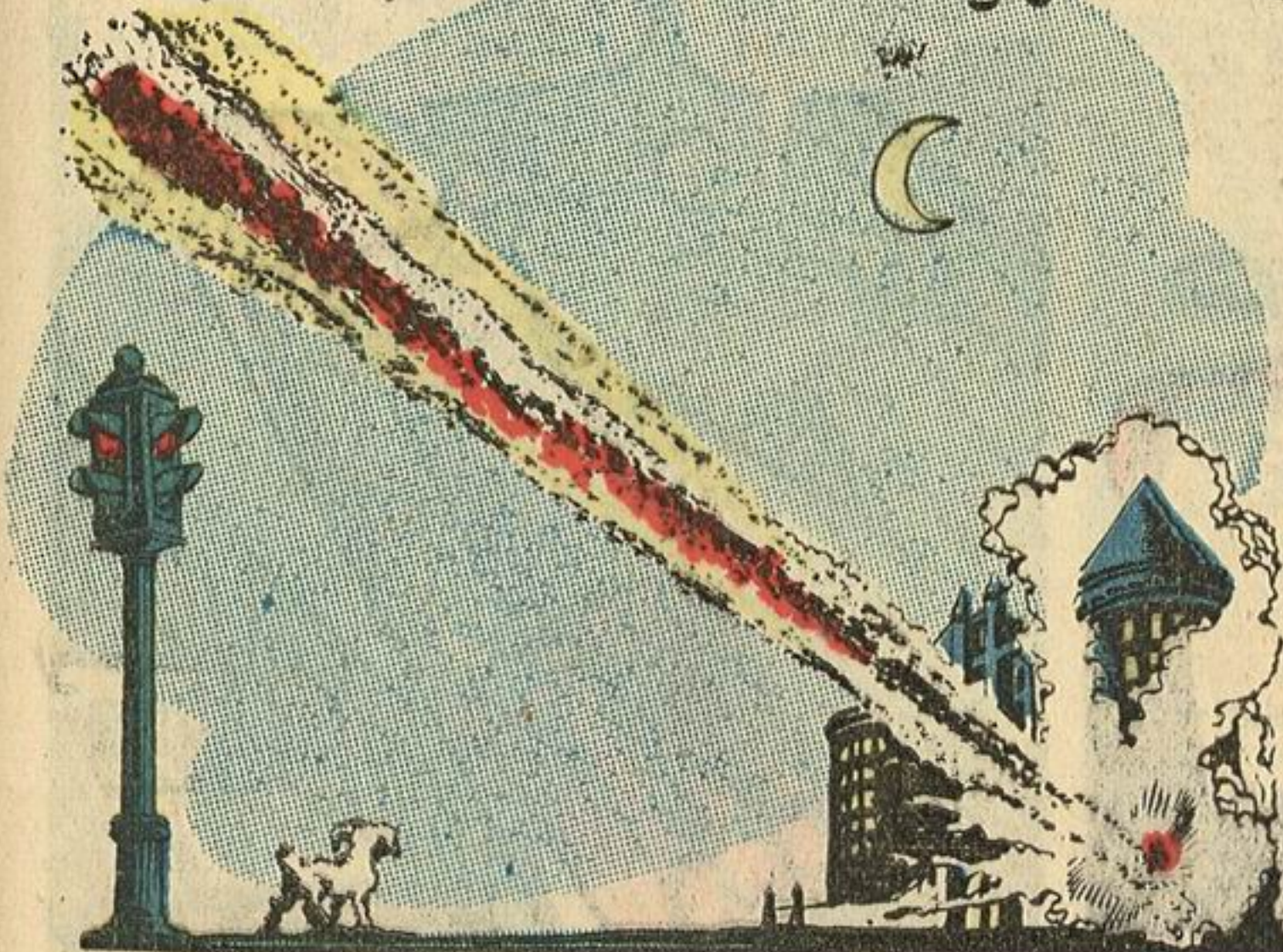




At that moment, somewhere in outer space, a planet whirling in its orbit flings off a tiny particle which bullets earthward in the form of a meteor



...and ripping through the Earth's atmosphere, it smashes with atomic impact upon the Central City jail



Out of the confusion....



One hour later....



WHO... WHO ARE YOU? ...HOW D'YA KNOW MY NAME?



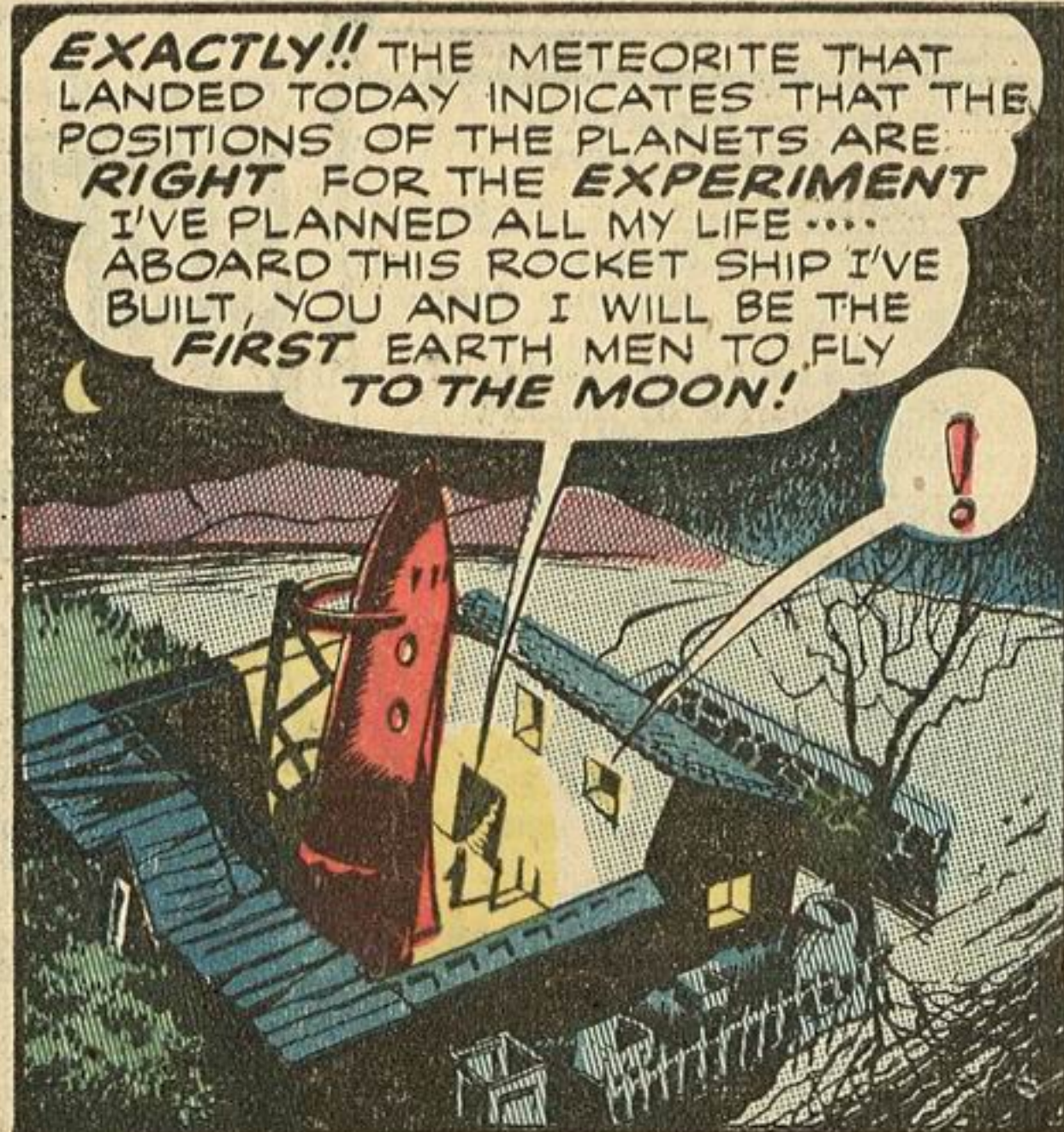
UNLESS WHAT...?? UNLESS UNLESS **WHAT** THERE IS MAN ??? SOMEWHERE YOU CAN GO...



YEAH? WHERE... WHY, WITH THE REWARD THEY'RE POSTING, ANYONE WOULD DELIGHT IN TURNING ME IN... I MIGHT AS WELL GO TO MARS OR THE MOON...



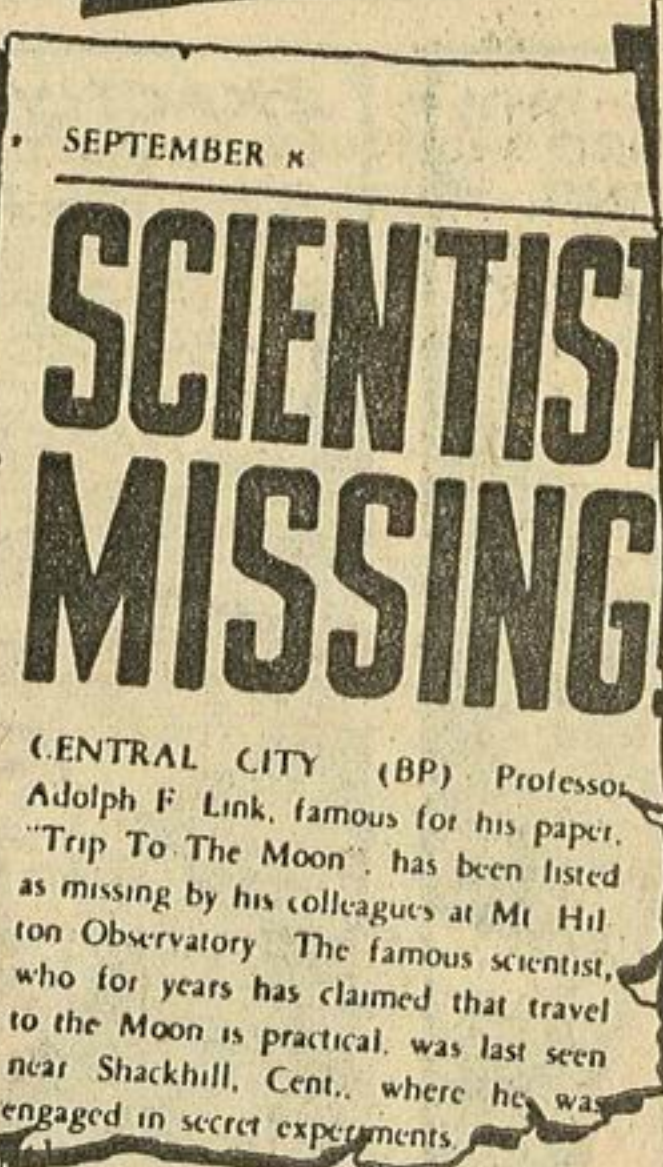
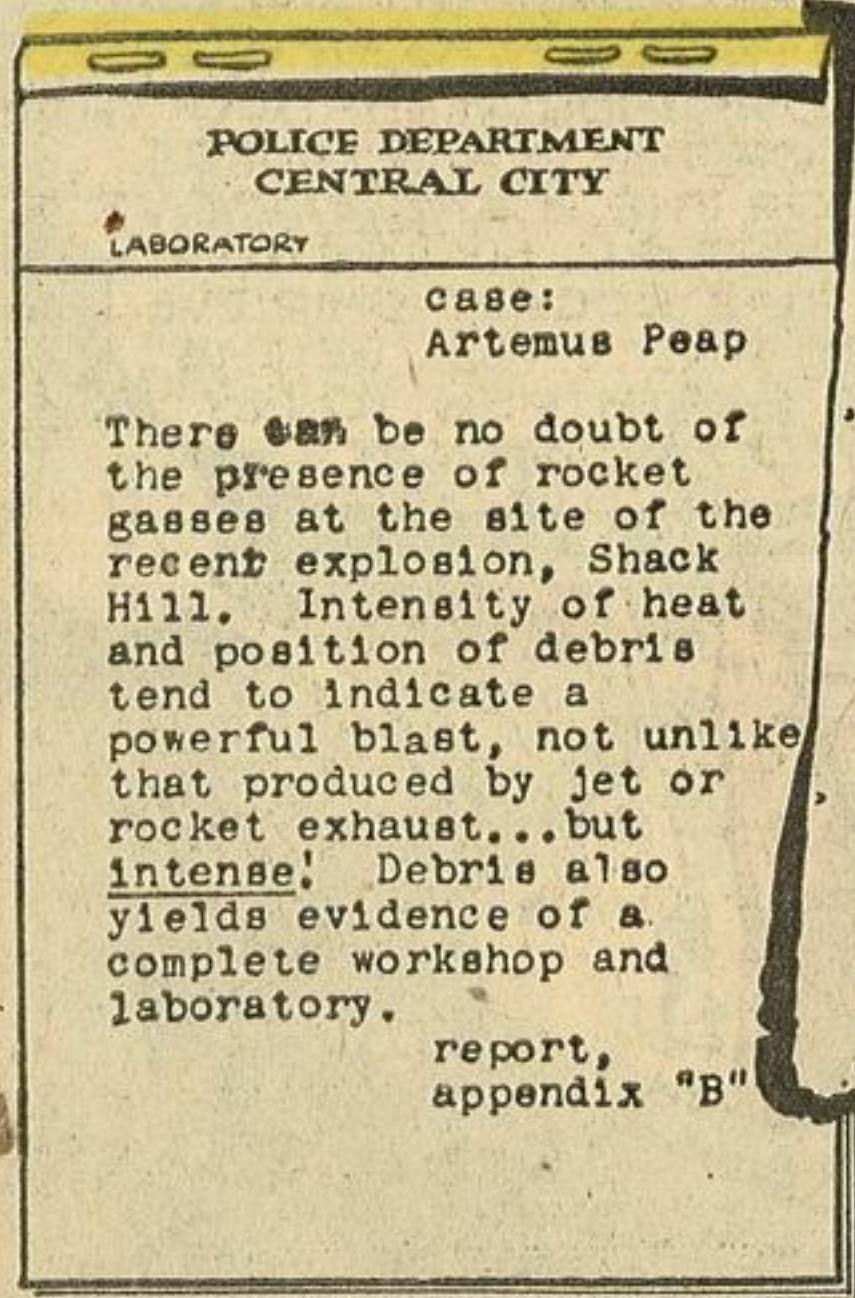
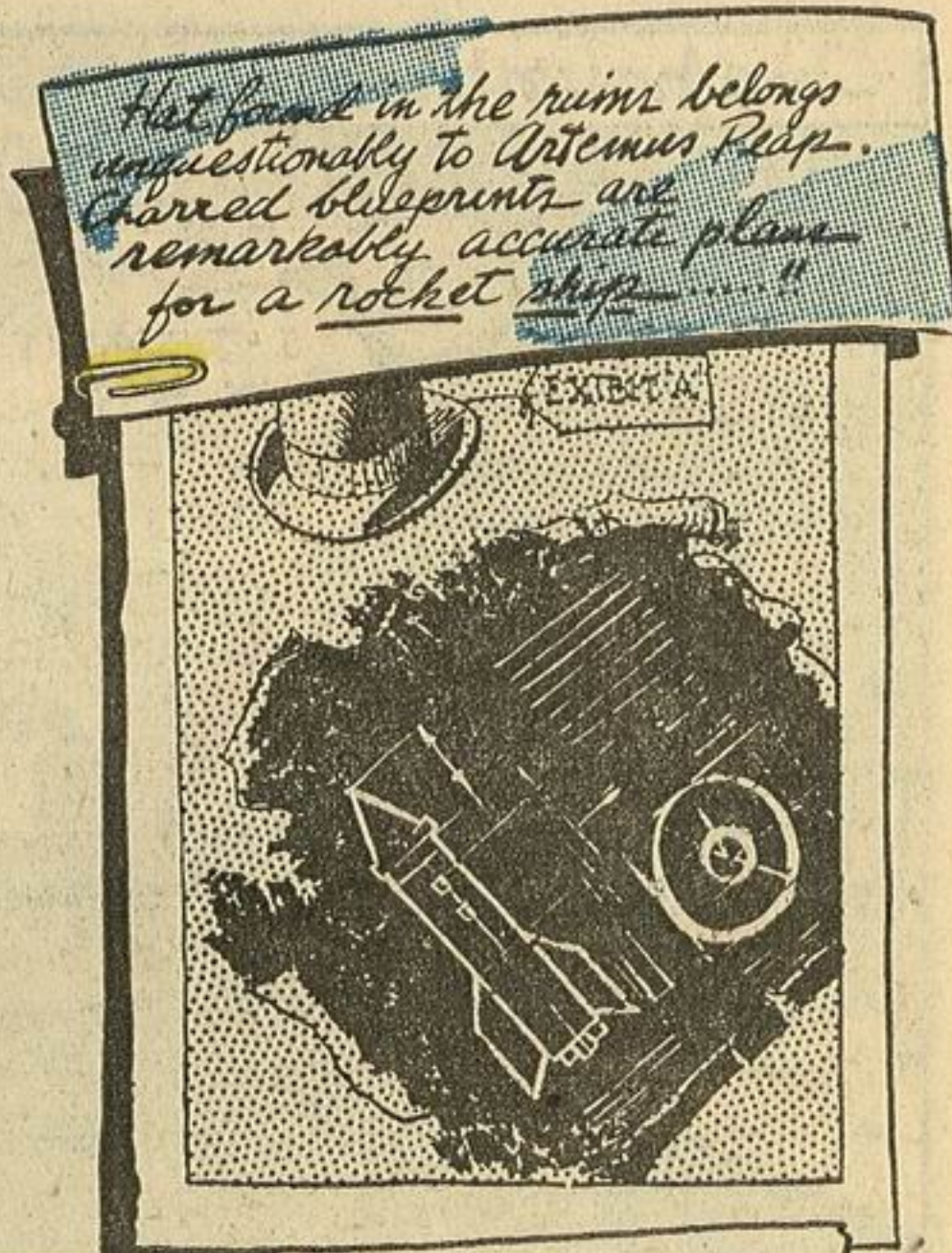
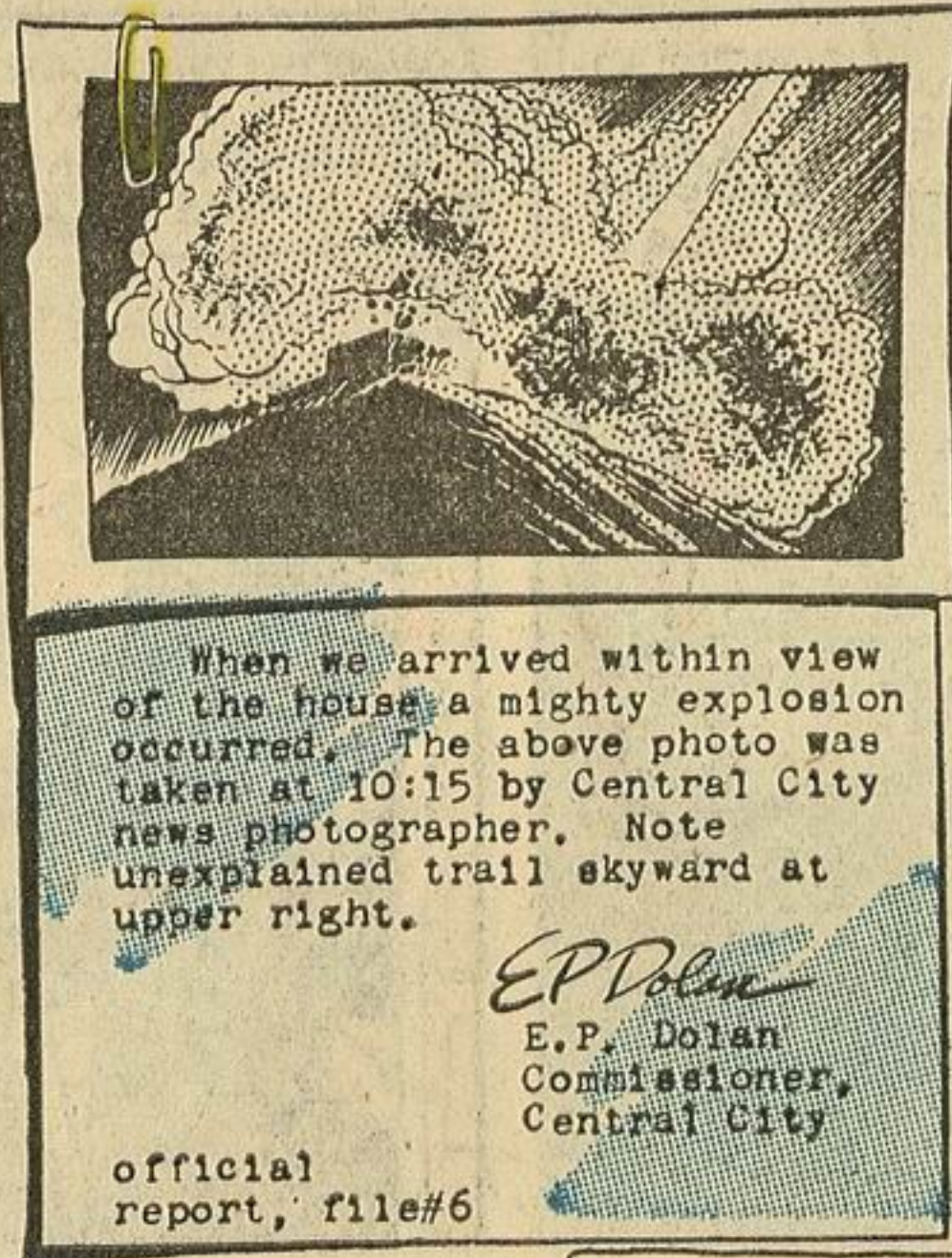
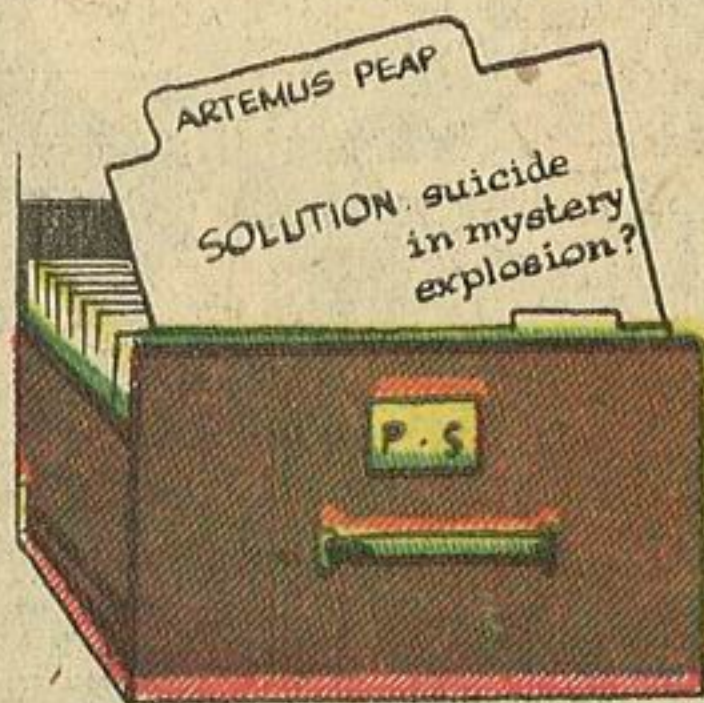
EXACTLY!! THE METEORITE THAT LANDED TODAY INDICATES THAT THE POSITIONS OF THE PLANETS ARE **RIGHT** FOR THE **EXPERIMENT** I'VE PLANNED ALL MY LIFE ABOARD THIS ROCKET SHIP I'VE BUILT, YOU AND I WILL BE THE **FIRST** EARTH MEN TO FLY **TO THE MOON!**





THE REST OF THE STORY WE SUBMIT IN THE FORM OF DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE NOW RESTING IN THE FILES!

YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS OURS!



Tottering Genius

THE CHIEF slammed a heavy fist down on his desk. "Plastic Man, The Genius gets out of jail today, and he's sure to return to his old criminal ways."

"I'll watch for him at the prison gates and stay close, but out of sight, just to see what he's up to," Plastic Man promised.

At two that afternoon the prison gates opened and the little high-domed figure of The Genius bounced out.

Presently a car drove by and The Genius hopped in beside two big-chinned thugs, members of his former gang. Plastic Man, disguised as a red spare tire on the back, went along.

Later, in his room at a swank hotel, The Genius grinned to himself. "Those idiots of the FBI," he sneered aloud. "Let them tail me and watch me. I've got more brains in my little finger than that dope, Plastic Man, has in his whole wiggly body."

But Plastic Man, now disguised as a throw rug on the hotel room floor, only grinned to himself.

There was a knock at the door. It was one of the thugs. "Boss, we got a present for you. Bring him in, Shakey."

The other dragged in the bound and gagged figure of Woozy Winks. "We found Plastic Man's fat stooge pussyfooting around outside."

"Lock him in the closet and get out," The Genius shrilled, "I've gotta start planning our next job."

The bound and helpless Woozy was shoved into a closet. Plas, sliding in under the door, hissed Woozy to silence and curled up beside him, chuckling. After a few minutes The Genius opened the closet door to check on his quarry. He screamed at the sight of two Woozy Winks, side by side, identical in appearance. His screech brought the thugs running back from down the hall.

But when they peered in, Plastic Man had vanished into a crack and the real Woozy lay helpless by himself. The biggest thug, Maxie, eyed The Genius with narrowed eyes. "If I was you, Boss, I'd go somewhere for a nice, long rest. That hitch in the pen can knock a guy with your brain for a loop, sort of."

When the gang had gone down to their room, at the other end of the hall, The Genius threw himself on the bed.

The bed, with its bright red coverlet, swayed gently and then abruptly it tossed The Genius to the floor with a convulsive heave. He bounced up, half angry, half frightened. The bed sat quietly, and no amount of examination revealed anything wrong.

He whirled and snatched the telephone, which now seemed as red as the coverlet had been a mo-

ment ago. A voice whispered, "Your number, please?" The Genius shouted, "Get me room thirty."

The telephone squirmed in his hands and abruptly slammed him in the eye. He jumped up, shaking, terrified.

The Genius sat down cautiously on a chair and held his head. Something terrible had happened to him. Those months in prison must have made him stir-crazy. He was seeing things that couldn't exist. If his mob got wind of this, he would be all washed up as a leader of crime. They would lose their respect for him.

"I've got to do something," The Genius moaned. "I'll call them and outline my new crime scheme. That will show them I'm no dope."

This time nothing disturbed his call. In a moment the gang filed in, eyeing their gray-faced leader warily. Looking carefully around, The Genius tried to recover his old habit of command.

"I've got a sure-fire scheme for robbing the Wirst National Bank," he barked. "It's simple for a mighty brain like mine."

"Yeah?" snapped Maxie. "And how about Plastic Man? He put you behind bars once. Let's hear about what you plan to do with him."

"That's simple," The Genius said. "We'll simply use Woozy Winks as hostage. If Plastic Man interferes, he'll get his pal back in little pieces."

"Okay, Boss," Maxie said, "but you better hit the hay for now."

Maxie started to leave and reached for the knob of the red door. The red door suddenly folded into a solid, terrifying figure and a massive fist grew out of the doorknob to slug Maxie head over heels.

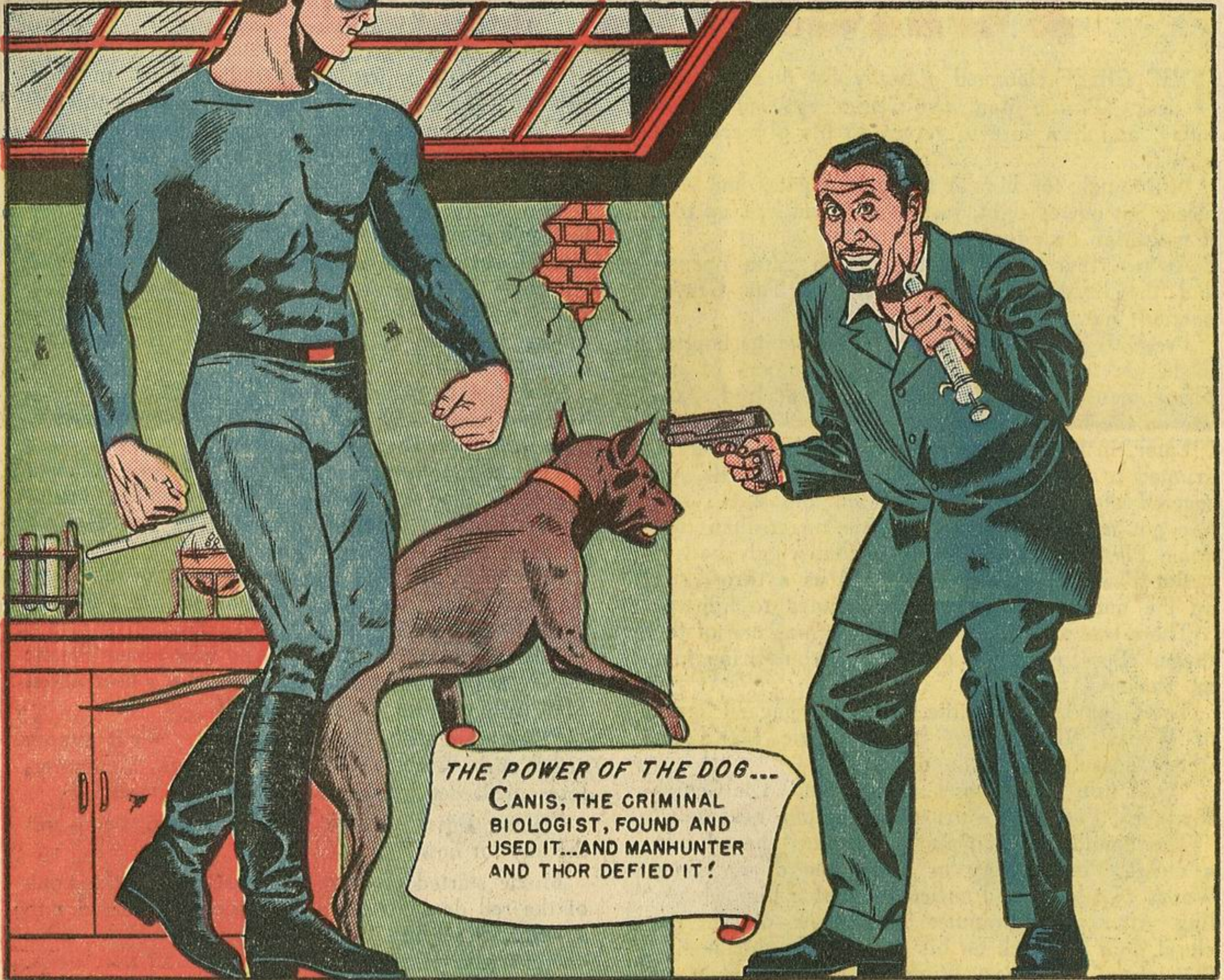
"Game's over, boys," Plastic Man said cheerily. "Shall we fight here or go down to the station peacefully and admit an assortment of crimes, including murder and robbery?"

His fist slammed out again and again and thugs bounded off the walls like basketballs. The closet door burst open and Woozy Winks, wild-eyed and still draped with the ropes Plas had managed to loosen, burst into the room. The Genius was trying to flee out a window. Woozy hauled the frightened figure back and his own fist slammed The Genius across the room.

"That'll do, Woozy," Plastic Man said, his arm encircling the limp figures. "In his condition of terror, slugging The Genius any more would be sheer cruelty to helpless creatures. Let's take them to the Chief."

"Sure thing," said Woozy proudly. "We really did a good job in capturing the gang, Plas. What would you ever do without me?"

Manhunter



A SHABBY ROOM IN A SHABBY DISTRICT,
SET UP AS A LABORATORY...

CANIS, YOU'RE THE CRAZIEST CROOK
I EVER KNEW! YOU SAID THAT
SERUM'S MADE FROM THE LIFE
FORMULA OF *DOGS*! HOW WILL
IT HELP YOU IF YOU GIVE YOUR-
SELF A SHOT OF IT?

YOU'RE TOO STUPID TO
UNDERSTAND, SO I WON'T
TRY TO EXPLAIN!



ME, I WOULDN'T CARE FOR ANY
DOG HABITS IN ME! I DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHAT TALENTS
THEY GOT, EXCEPT TO CHASE
RABBITS!

THEY HAVE MANY
TALENTS, MANY
SENSES THAT
HUMANS LACK!



FOR INSTANCE, DOG NATURE CAN
DISCOVER TREACHERY IN A
FRIEND... AS I DISCOVER IT
IN *YOU*!

NO, CANIS! YOU GOT
ME WRONG!



POLICE COMICS

OFFICER DAN RICHARDS IS WALKING HIS BEAT NEAR BY...

I DUNNO WHAT CAME OVER HIM! HE STARTED CALLING ME NAMES AND WENT FOR A GUN!

JUST RELAX AND LEAVE THIS TO ME!

DANGER AT HAND! I SENSE IT CLEARLY!

HE'S RIGHT IN THERE! LOOK OUT, HE'S DESPERATE!



TRAITOR, COWARD! I SUSPECTED IT, NOW I KNOW IT!

HELP! THERE'S A CRAZY GUY AFTER ME!



WHO'S IN HERE? SPEAK UP, I'M A POLICE OFFICER!

NO COWARDICE IN THIS STRANGER! I'D BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH HIM!



IS THIS ROOM EMPTY?

THE DOG NATURE HELPS ME TO MOVE SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY!



I HOPE THAT COP GRABS CANIS! A PLAIN, HONEST CROOK AIN'T SAFE WITH GUYS LIKE THAT AROUND!

I FEEL THE NEARNESS OF MY ENEMY...THE MAN WHO BETRAYED ME!

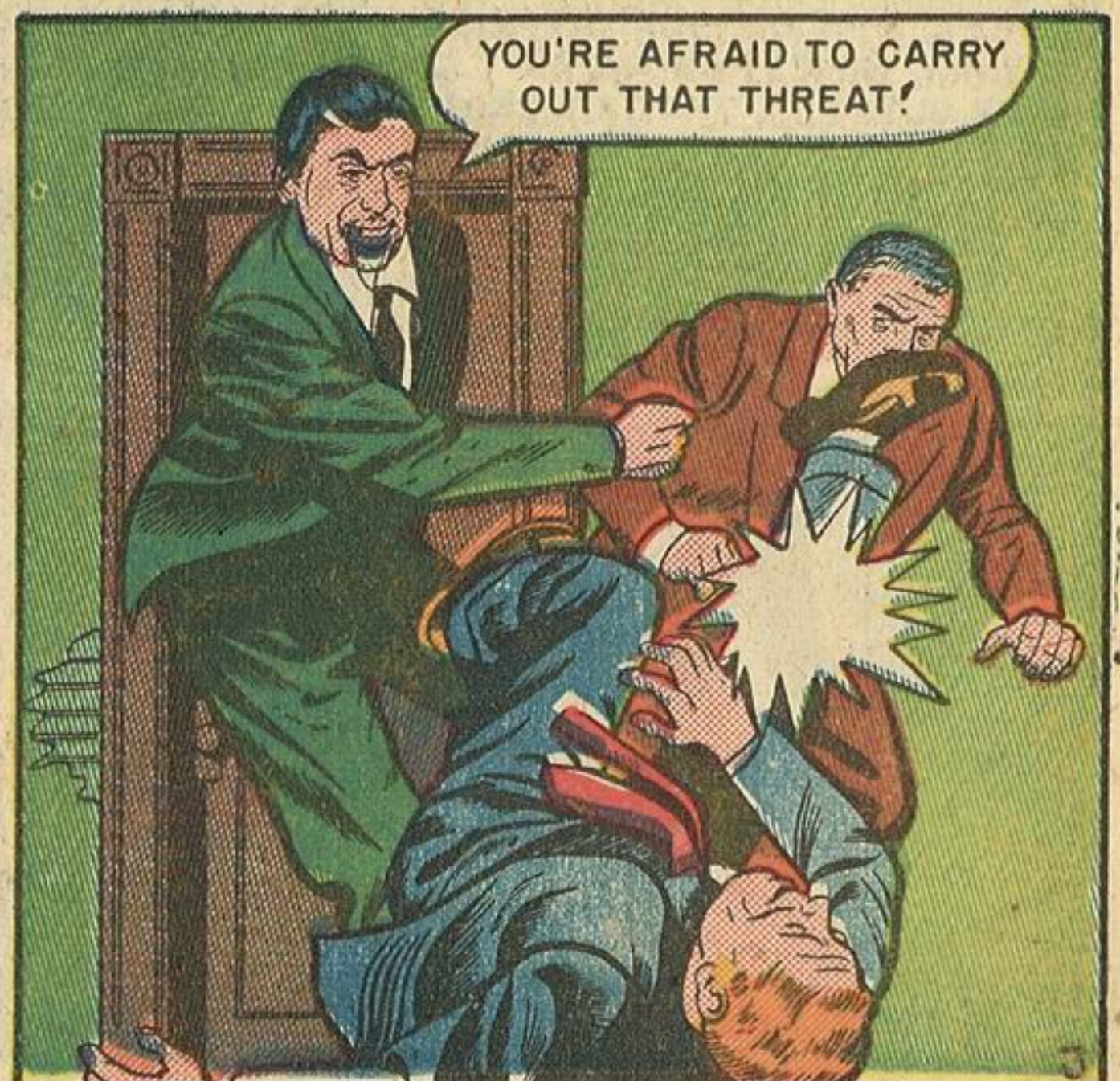


HELP! HELP! HE...OWW!

THE VOICE OF THE MAN WHO LED ME HERE!



POLICE COMICS



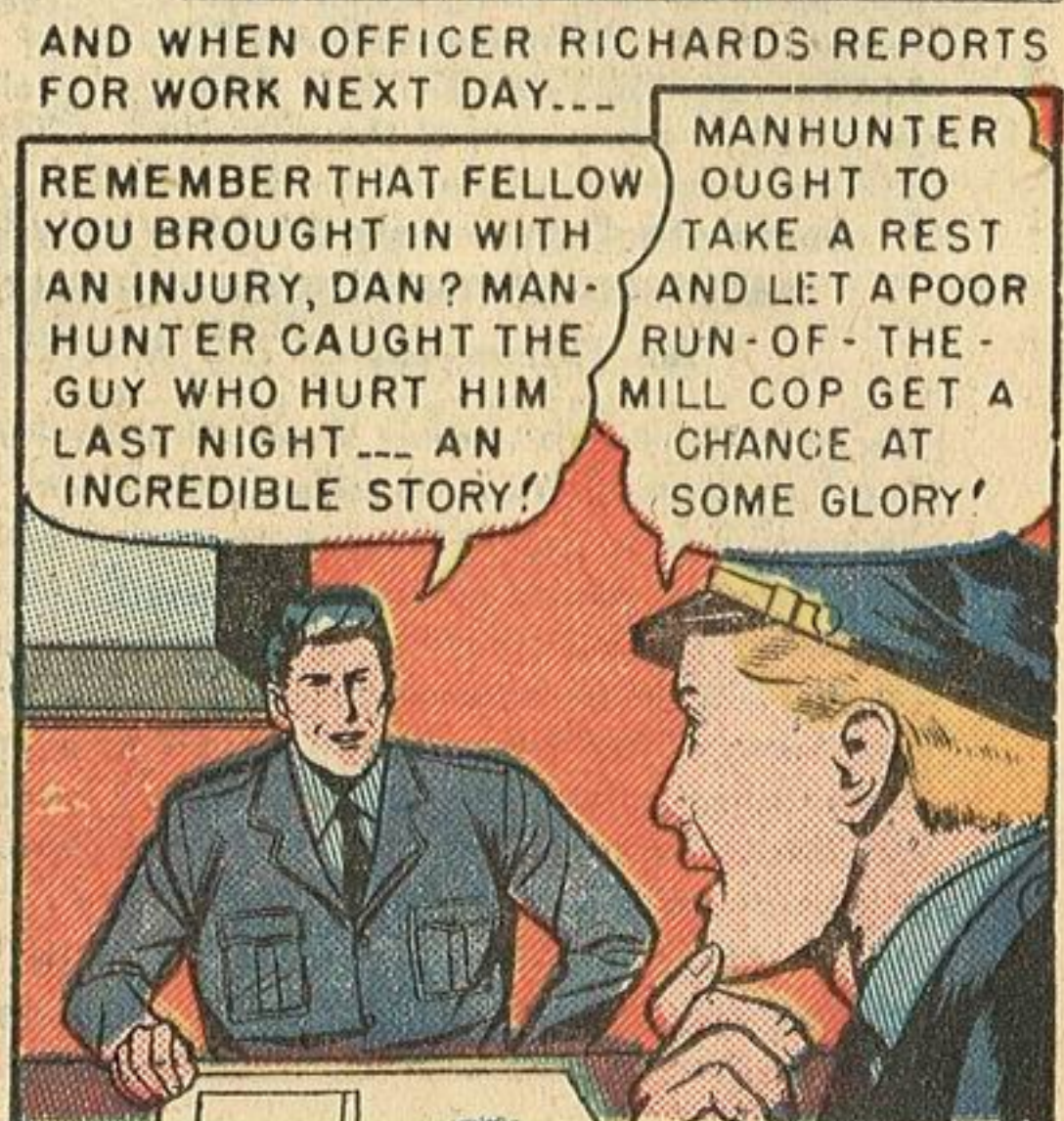
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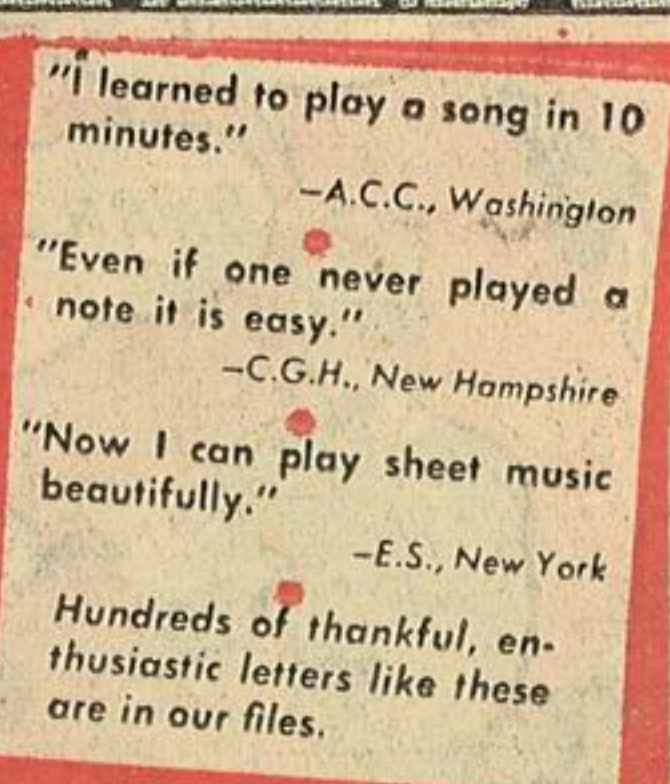
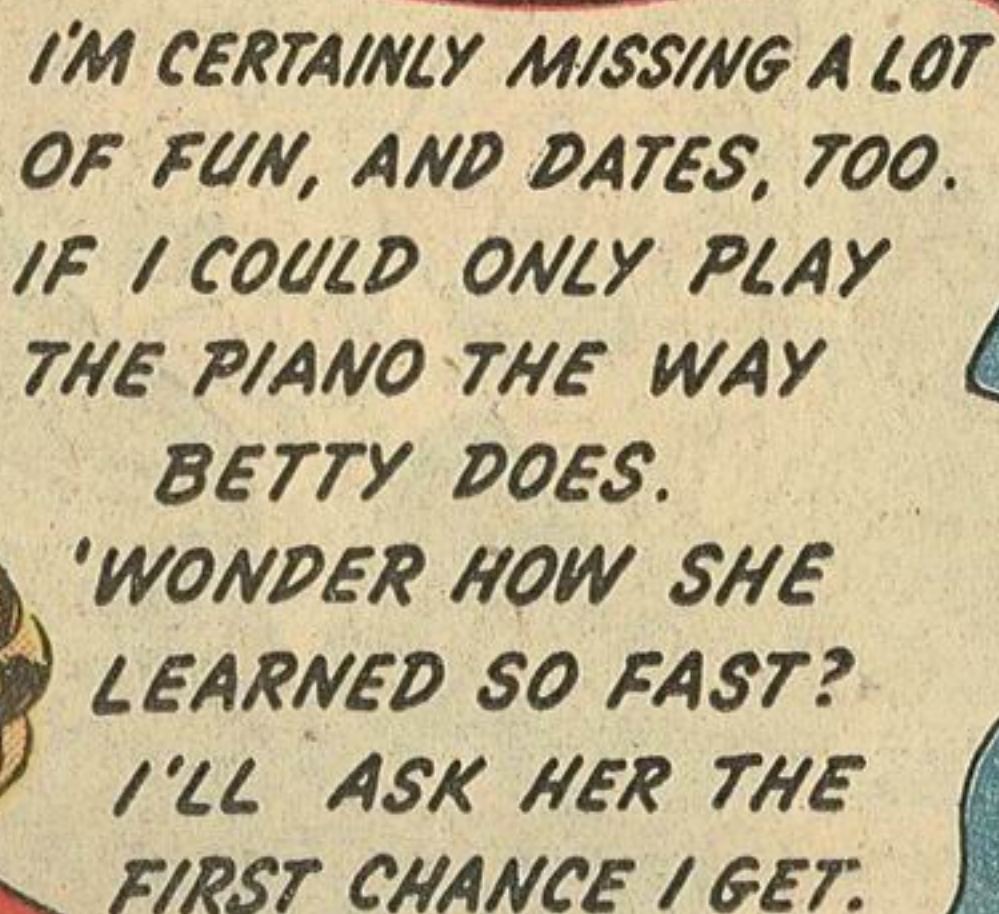
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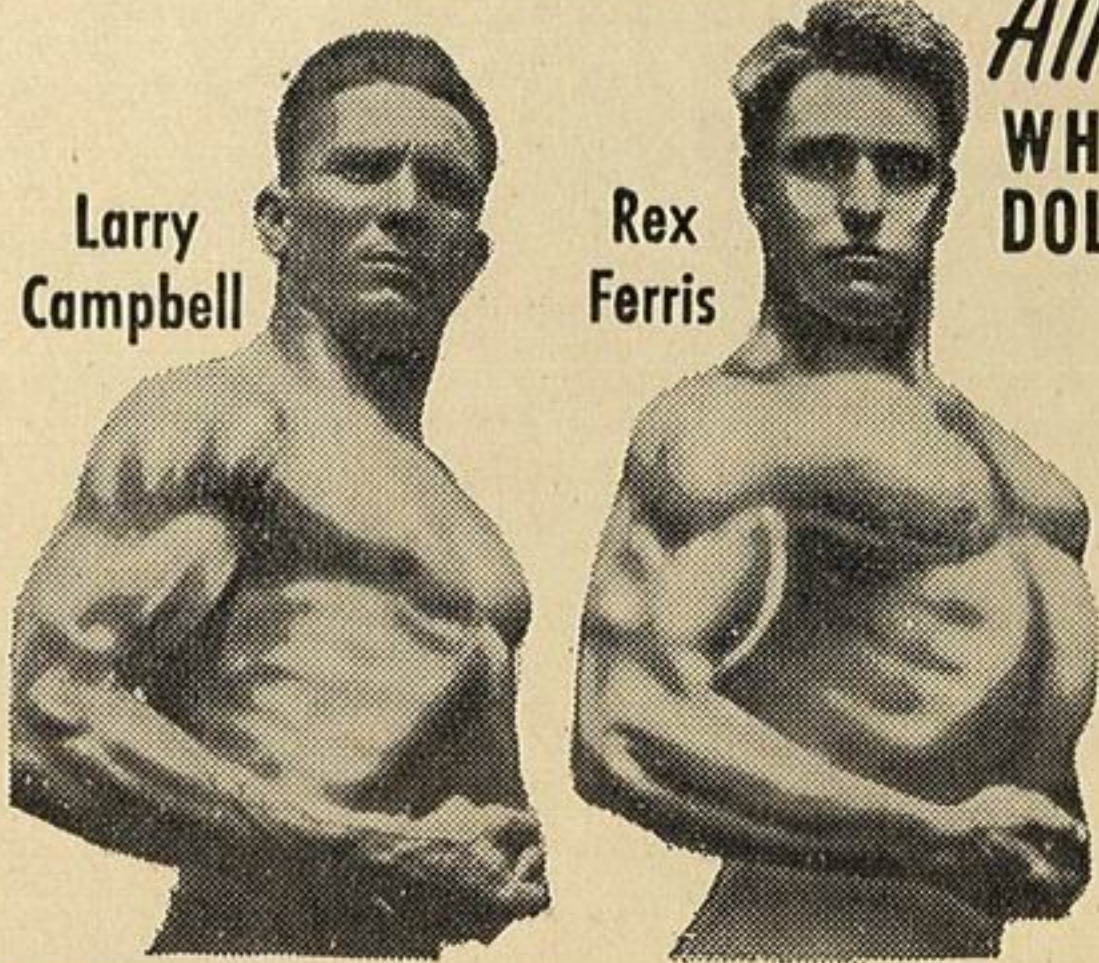
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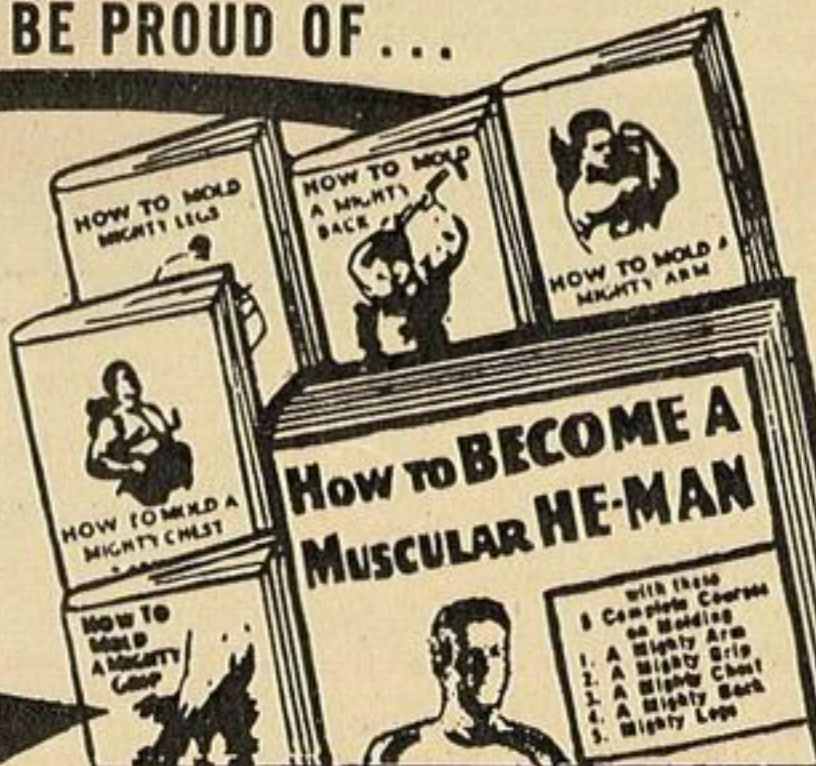
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